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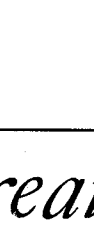

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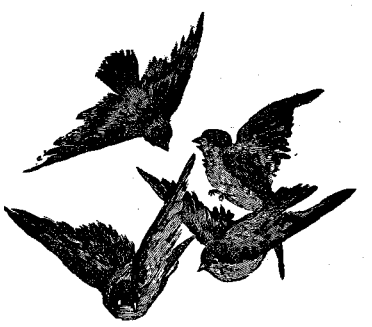

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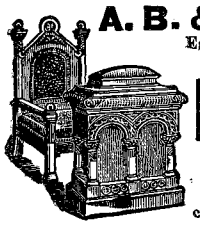

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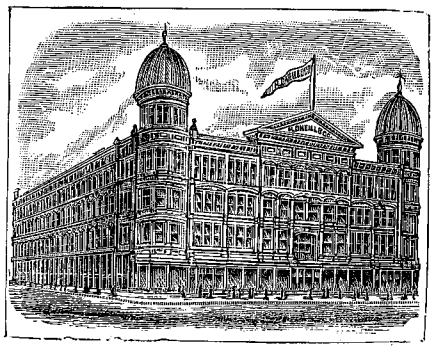

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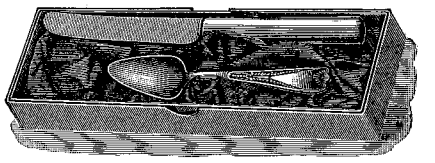

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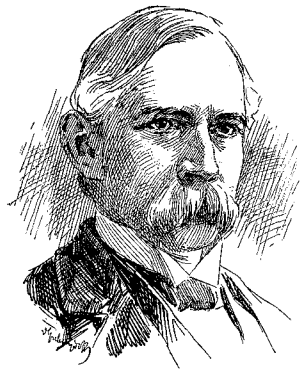
The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 10 February, 1894 Number 6

The Week



William L. Wilson

The tariff debate last week reached at times a high level. The income-tax amendment to the Wilson Bill was felt by friends and foes to introduce an issue of far-reaching importance, and the sense of its importance called forth the best efforts of the best men. Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, who offered the amendment, gave in a sentence his reason for its proposal in the declaration that the time had come when "accumulated wealth should be made to bear a larger share of the burden of taxation." He was presently followed by Mr. Hall, of Missouri, who quoted from a number of well-known writers on political economy an indorsement of the income tax as ideally just, and especially desirable as an offset to the injustice to the poorer classes inseparable from a tariff on necessities. *Per contra*, Mr. Cockran, of New York, denounced the income tax as a class tax. He regarded it as the entering wedge in a condition that would ultimately result in the disfranchisement of a large number of American citizens. He believed that if the rich understood their own interests they would support it, because it would mean that the rich would ultimately gain a larger control of the Government than they enjoyed to-day. The tax, he asserted, would not rest upon the rich, but would be shifted upon the poor, in whose interests he claimed to speak. In reply to Mr. Bland, of Missouri, who had urged that the income tax would check the growth of Anarchism, Mr. Cockran exclaimed: "Does the gentleman understand the character of that proposition? He coolly proposes to relieve the Anarchistic elements of the country from the necessity of indulging in Anarchy, because he proposes that we outstrip them in the race of Socialism." Other members less eloquent made better arguments against the tax, bringing out its "inquisitorial" character, the difficulty of collecting it properly, and the fact that people in a few Eastern States would bear nearly all its burdens. The best speech oratorically, as well as the best argument in favor of the tax, was made by Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, who urged that income taxes were not more inquisitorial than others, and protested against shaping our laws so as to protect the characters of men who would perjure themselves rather than pay two per cent. of their incomes to the Government. Congressman Johnson, of Ohio, made a notable speech in behalf of the single tax, and Mr. McGuire, of California, moved an amendment that the needed revenues should be raised by a land tax, distributed among the States in proportion to their population. This amendment received five votes. Mr. Pence, of Colorado, offered an amendment proposing a progressive income tax, which received the support of sixty-six members. When the vote was taken on the income tax, the Republicans generally refrained from voting. Seven of them, however—all but one of whom were from west of the Mississippi—voted for the tax. Forty-four Democrats, all of them from the East or from Louisiana, voted against it.

Thomas B. Reed

The debate ended on Friday. The House was crowded, and the excitement intense. Mr. Reed, who made the concluding speech for the Republicans, was greeted with cheer upon cheer as he arose, and cheer upon cheer as he finished his peroration. The speech was worthy of the occasion. Instead of the humorous banter and merciless raillery which have won for him his pre-eminence in parliamentary encounters, Mr. Reed addressed himself seriously to the philosophy of the question at issue. The Wilson Bill, he said, could not be regarded on either side as a settlement of the tariff question:

> "On this side we believe that while it pretends to be for protection it does not afford it, and on the other side they believe that while it looks toward free trade it does not accomplish it. Those who will vote against this bill will do so because it opens our markets to the destructive competition of foreigners, and those who vote for it do it with the reservation that they will instantly devote themselves to a new crusade against whatever barriers are left.
>
> "Whatever speeches have been made in defense of the bill on the other side have one and all, with but rare exceptions, placed their authors uncompromisingly, except for temporary purposes, on the side of unrestricted free trade.
>
> "It is evident that there is no ground for that hope entertained by so many moderate men, that this bill, bad as it is, could be a resting-place where our manufacturing and productive industries, such as may survive, can re-establish themselves and have a sure foundation for the future, free from party bickering and party strife.
>
> "Hence, also, there can be no foundation for that cry, so insidiously raised, that this bill should be passed at once, because uncertainty is worse than any bill possibly can be. Were this bill to pass both branches to-day, uncertainty would reign just the same."

Chairman Wilson, in concluding for the Democrats, did not attempt to deny that he regarded his bill as merely a milestone in the long march toward commercial freedom. The income-tax amendment, which he had opposed as a matter of policy, he earnestly defended as a matter of justice; especially did he defend it against the charge of being "a class tax." "It is simply," he declared, "an effort, an honest effort, to balance the weight of taxation in this country. During the fifty years of its existence in England it has been the strongest force there in wiping out class distinctions. It was a doctrine taught by Sumner, Walker, and other New England economists, that an income tax was the most simple form of taxation. New

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England taught that doctrine to the South and West; and she has no right to come up to day and complain because her own teaching has been used against her." His final words formed an impassioned appeal to the Democratic members to disregard petty and local interests, and to vote for the bill if their faith and hopes were on the side of the principle it sought to advance :

"This is not a battle expressly on this tax or on that tax; it is a battle for human freedom. As Mr. Burke truly said, 'The great battles of human freedom have been waged around the question of taxation.' This roll-call is a roll of honor. It is a roll of freedom. And in the name of honor, and in the name of freedom, I summon every Democratic member of this House to the support of this bill."

The enthusiasm of his supporters exceeded even that which Mr. Reed had called forth, and on the final roll-call only sixteen Democrats—all from the East and Louisiana—voted against the measure. The final vote stood 204 to 140. All but one of the Populists recorded themselves on the side of free trade and direct taxation.

❀

When Secretary Carlisle came to New York on Sunday of last week, less than seven millions out of fifty of his proposed bond issue had been subscribed for. The next day he had a conference with leading bankers, in which he urged upon them the legality of the bond issue (whatever the limitations upon his use of the proceeds) and appealed to them as a matter of patriotism to come to the support of the Administration. This appeal was so coldly received that the meeting seemed to have ended in failure. The day following, however, a few leading bankers, informed by the Secretary that the failure of the bond issue meant the expansion of the currency by the coinage of the silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act, persuaded their colleagues that it would never do for the bond issue to fail. The next evening bids aggregating over forty-three millions were forwarded to Washington, and the success of the loan was assured. Nearly all of the subscriptions came, of course, from banks and trust companies, since the investment was profitable only to institutions requiring a large reserve fund, or able to issue currency on the security of the bonds. The cashier of the Gallatin National Bank of this city estimated that National banks could make eight and a half per cent. on their investment through the currency privileges afforded them. In the Senate the debate on the legality of the issue continued throughout the week. Senator Sherman urged that Secretary Carlisle could lawfully issue the bonds to increase the gold reserve, but could not lawfully use the proceeds for any other purpose. Senator Hoar declared that the entire issue was a usurpation of power, since it was "a notorious fact that the proceeds were to be used for the current expenses of the Government," and not for the purpose specified in the law of 1875. "I feel bound to declare," he said, "that, in my opinion, the bonds issued will be illegal and convey no constitutional or lawful obligation." Senators Voorhees and Vilas defended the Administration. The suit instituted by the Knights of Labor to enjoin the issue of the bonds was dismissed by Judge Cox, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, on the ground that three hundred thousand workingmen did not have enough financial interest in the obligations assumed by the Secretary of the Treasury to give them a standing in the courts.

❀

The special election of Congressmen held in two districts of this city last week had less National significance than appeared from the face of the returns. These seemed to show a political revolution. In one district a Democratic majority of 12,000 in 1892 was reduced to less than 5,000, while in the other a Democratic majority of 8,800 was replaced by a Republican majority of 900. A closer examination of the returns, however, showed that no perceptible number of Democrats had voted the Republican ticket, since the Republican vote had fallen off some four thousand in one district and five thousand in the other. The results reached were due to the fact that one-half of the Democrats, particularly in the tenement-house districts, did not go to the polls. This indifference was probably partly due to opposition to the Wilson Bill; but when we remember that Mr. Croker had declared a week beforehand that if the income tax were incorporated into that bill the Democrats were in danger of losing both districts, there is still more reason to suspect that it was due to official as well as to personal opposition to the income tax.

❀

Since political and social discussion began to circle around the question of the distribution of wealth, there have been innumerable widely divergent estimates as to how American wealth is at present distributed. Unfortunately, there have been until now no official records by which the question could be determined. Even the recent National investigation of mortgages, while most helpful, only determines the extent to which men are owners of the homes and farms they occupy, and leaves in darkness the more important question of how many or how few of its citizens possess the mortgages, the rented property, the railroads, the factories—in short, the bulk of the Nation's wealth. When, therefore, the State of New York began to require a public record of the value of all estates, real and personal, passing through the hands of the Surrogate, The Outlook gladly co-operated in carrying forward an investigation which promises to show just how far the mass of the people participate in the enjoyment of the wealth that is being amassed. Those interested in this question will find it discussed at length on another page.

❀

George W. Childs

The career of Mr. George W. Childs, who died in Philadelphia last Saturday, illustrates conspicuously the value of a steady purpose in life. When Mr. Childs was a mere lad of eighteen, he hired a small room to be used as a book-store from the manager of the "Public Ledger." He then and there formed the idea that he could in time become proprietor of the great paper; and nearly twenty years after he carried out the cherished purpose toward which he had since constantly worked. Through the steps of his business progress, from being an errand-boy in a book-store to becoming the head of an immense employing and educating agency, Mr. Childs was pre-eminently steadfast of purpose, strong in action and wise in planning. Thus, after he bought the "Ledger," his first action was to double its price, increase its advertising rates, exclude doubtful advertising (throwing aside, it is said, $15,000 worth of questionable advertising in one year), and in every way to raise the moral and literary tone of the paper. The immediate result was a loss, but he had the courage of his convictions, and time amply proved that he was right. Under his control the "Ledger" quickly gained, and still holds, an enviable reputation for

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moderation, fairness, and honorable dealing; its financial success has been earned by honesty and justice. Mr. Childs's generosity to his employees, and his benevolence toward the worthy in need, have become widely known. His public spirit was great; a single instance out of many was his gift of half the money which secured Fairmount Park to Philadelphia. Among his public gifts may be noted the Shakespeare Memorial Fountain at Stratford-on-Avon, the window in Westminster Abbey in memory of Cowper and Herbert, and the monuments to Leigh Hunt and Edgar Allan Poe. Socially Mr. Childs was extremely genial, and his circle of acquaintance included a remarkably large number of men eminent in literature, politics, or religion. These men he delighted in entertaining and honoring. It has been truly said of him that even his eccentricities were invariably amiable. We doubt if there is any other prominent public man of whom it can be so exactly said, as it may be of Mr. Childs, that he had absolutely no enemies, or for whom a greater number of people feel a sincere personal affection.

❀

London, and indeed all England, was thrown into a good deal of excitement last week by the announcement in the "Pall Mall Gazette," from an apparently authoritative source, that Mr. Gladstone was on the point of resigning and retiring from public life, and that this decision had been reached under a sense of his advanced age and of the great strain to which he was subjected during the recent session of Parliament. It was also stated that the Premier had been deeply disappointed by the rejection of the Home Rule Bill and the opposition to the Parish Councils Bill on the part of the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, who is at Biarritz, immediately telegraphed, with his usual careful accuracy (an accuracy very unusual, by the way, in public men), that the statement that he had decided to resign was untrue, but that for many months past his age and the condition of his sight and hearing have made relief from public affairs desirable, and, therefore, his tenure of office has long been liable to interruption from these causes. This, he said, is the exact state of the case, and there has been no change. The cautious nature of the denial has somewhat disappointed the Liberals, but attention is called to the fact that in all statements of this kind Mr. Gladstone is scrupulously exact, and that he has put the facts precisely as his friends and himself have long known them to be. His condition has not changed in any respect for the worse, but he is a very old man, and he has long realized that he holds his place upon a very uncertain tenure. The incident calls out some very interesting statements of the late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, who said last year that Mr. Gladstone displayed no sign whatever of breaking down, but that he still possessed the freshness, elasticity, and vigor of youth, with a nervous energy far beyond that of ordinary men in the prime of life, and with the inestimable power of holding himself in absolute repose and obtaining sound sleep even under the greatest excitement. Sir Andrew attributed Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary vigor to the simplicity of his life and to his love of work. In his case, Sir Andrew declared, work was not exhausting but restorative, not physically depressing but physically stimulating, and even heavy work would prolong his life. The incident has also brought out anew the great place which the Premier holds in English politics, and the enormous importance which attaches to his ability to remain at the head of affairs for an indefinite time.

❀

The House of Commons will resume its sittings on Monday next, and will find considerable work awaiting it as the result of the recent activity on the part of the House of Lords. Before the Commons separated for the recess they declined to agree with Lord Dudley's amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill. This was introduced in the House of Lords, and was intended to protect the numerous mutual insurance societies which have existed in connection with railway and large industrial undertakings since the first Employers' Liability Act was passed in 1880. Lord Dudley's amendment would have given all these insurance societies a new lease of life. The House of Commons, however, refused to agree with it, and, by way of compromise, introduced a clause which would have kept these societies on foot for three or four years longer, and at the end of that time have compelled all their members to come within the provisions of the Employers' Liability Law. The Lords in their turn have refused to accept this compromise. They have practically reintroduced Lord Dudley's amendment, and it would now seem that permanence must be guaranteed to the insurance societies, or the Lords will reject the bill. One House or the other must now give way; and, backed by appeals made to it by the members of the insurance societies, the House of Lords seems to have determined that it will not move from the position it has taken up. When this difficulty is settled, the House of Commons will have to turn again to the Parish Councils Bill. The Lords have amended that measure, and made it much less radical than it was when it left the Commons. In particular, they have altered the bill as it affects the compulsory hiring of land for allotment purposes by the Parish Councils, and they have also toned down some of the more drastic changes which the bill is intended to bring about in Poor-Law administration. Lord Ripon, the Colonial Secretary, who had charge of the bill in the Upper House, has announced that the Government will not concur in these changes in the Parish Councils Bill; so that when the House of Commons resumes, it will have on hand two very serious contests with the Peers. Time is against the Government in these conflicts. The session, which began in February, 1893, is not yet at an end; and, unless the new session begins almost at once, the business of passing the financial votes in the House of Commons will be very much in arrears. Neither the Employers' Liability Bill nor the Parish Councils Bill in their present advanced stages can be carried over until next session. They must receive the royal assent or be abandoned before the Queen's speech opening the new session is read.

❀

Last year was notable in Europe for its increase of land armament; this year is likely to be notable for its increase of the naval force. The programme of the English Admiralty has not yet been made public, but it is known that it will include the construction of a number of battle-ships of the largest size, and that it will call for an increased expenditure in ship-building of at least $15,000,000. Great attention is being paid to the German navy and to the Russian navy; and the matter of naval expenditure and efficiency in France was the occasion of a spirited debate in the Chamber of Deputies last week, in which the Minister of Marine stated that, as a recognition of the necessity of reforms in the navy, the Government had nominated a commission with full power to investigate naval affairs. He also declared his belief in the equality of the French vessels of war with those of other countries, and that the French navy is better armed in some respects than the English navy. The Minister of War, in answer to the criticisms of the Government for its failure to put the coast defenses in proper condition, declared that everything was

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being done to bring the forts up to the best condition of modern warfare; that fortifications were being increased, and that more than two hundred thousand men, excluding those who might be mobilized, were engaged in the defense of the French coast. The statements of the different Ministers evidently gave satisfaction to the Chamber, because a vote of confidence in the Government was passed by a majority of 196. Evidently the day of disarmament and of the reduction of expenditures for military purposes has not yet come, and republican France, quite as much as absolute Russia, is obliged to continue the exhausting contribution to the old-time system of international destruction, in disregard of the new-time gospel of international amity and co-operation.

❀

Nowhere, perhaps, are the sufferings from the present depression so acute as in the southern extremities of Europe. In Italy they have manifested themselves in insurrection; in Greece, in partial repudiation. Two scholarly letters to the New York "Evening Post" describe the present conditions. Both nations for years have been borrowers. They have even borrowed to pay the interest on past borrowings, and have reached the end of their credit at a time when prices have fallen and trade has lessened. In Greece the interest payments to foreign bondholders (five-sixths of their bondholders are foreign) have risen more than twenty-fold since 1878, and now consume one-half of the entire public revenues. The fall in prices has, of course, not affected the amount of the indebtedness, and the Government, unable to increase taxes, has arranged to pay its creditors provisionally but thirty per cent. of the interest due them in January. Comparatively little of the money borrowed has been expended upon productive enterprises. Only one-third as much has been put into railways and public works as into preparations for war during the recurring war scares. The sums spent upon railways and public works have proved a profitable investment, but for the rest of the borrowings the nation has nothing to show. A large part of the revenues is raised by the direct taxation of the articles chiefly consumed by the poor. There is no tax upon the landowners, but, instead, a heavy tax on plowing-animals and a tax on wine levied at the grape-press, so that the poorest tenants have their industry crippled before their very eyes, and cannot be persuaded that the tax does not impoverish them. With such a system the Government cannot increase taxation without the danger of insurrection, and therefore it is scaling down the public debt.

❀

In Italy the situation is nearly as bad financially, and worse morally, inasmuch as the Government has had comparatively little excuse for the great army and navy appropriations which have plunged it so heavily into debt, and made necessary the intolerable taxation. In Greece the motive for the military appropriations was one which appeals to some of the better sentiments of the people. There are still several million Greeks under Turkish rule, and the desire to free them is one which must for years make the armament of Greece disproportionate to the country's resources. But in Italy the military expenditures have had no such justification. In a vain attempt to rival its more powerful neighbors, Italy has permitted her military classes to dictate the nation's policy. The reason that the Sicilians have been rebellious is that throughout southern Italy, where the working classes have taken no part in politics, every new tax has been imposed upon the propertyless masses. In northern Italy the agricultural communes are generally "open," but in southern Italy the peasants, fishermen, and miners are forced to live in towns and villages which levy a tariff on nearly every article entered for consumption. "In Venice," says the letter to the "Post," "the farmers and peasants pay a tax when they kill a pig, or for such articles as they have to purchase in town; but they grind and eat their own corn, they drink their home-made wine, untaxed—they eat their fowl, their eggs and vegetables, untaxed." But in Sicily they "must pay for every morsel of food they consume, for the sticks that their women and children pick up, for the litter of their mules and horses." To repress the insurrection, the Government has promised to reform the local taxation so as to increase the burdens on property and lessen those upon the poor. "If," says this letter, "the monarch and his patriotic advisers can induce the wealthy landed and capitalist classes to alleviate the burdens of the masses, they may yet have a long term of life; but if not, depend upon it, the people will reverse Cattaneo's ultimatum to the Austrians who threatened to starve the inhabitants of Milan, 'As well die of hunger as by hanging,' and will say, 'As well be shot as starved.'"

❀

We briefly noted last week the fact that as we went to press there were rumors that American merchant ships had been fired upon in the harbor of Rio Janeiro by the insurgents, and that our war-vessels had returned the fire. The rumor was true, if taken literally, but it must be added that there was nothing like a battle or a real naval engagement. To understand the incident, it must be remembered that neither our Government nor any other has recognized the insurgents as a belligerent power, and that the attempts of Admiral da Gama (who has now apparently quite superseded Admiral Mello, of whom dispatches nowadays say nothing, and whose death has even been rumored) to blockade the city have been irregular, and have not been recognized by the war-vessels of the foreign powers present in the harbor. Merchant vessels have gone to and from their wharves, and commerce has not been seriously interrupted. The insurgents, however, have attempted to prevent merchant vessels from going to certain landing-places near the fortifications of President Peixoto, so that their presence should not interfere with the cannonading which is still carried on in a desultory sort of way between the two forces. It was to this action of the insurgents that Admiral Benham, of our navy, objected, and when one of the insurgent vessels attempted to prevent two American merchantmen from going to their chosen wharves, and even fired a shot at one of the vessels, Admiral Benham promptly fired a single small shot into the stern of the insurgent vessel, and gave warning that if the shot first fired at the merchant vessels should be repeated, the Detroit would return the fire, and, if necessary, would sink the insurgents' ship. This brought an instant end to hostilities, if what we have described may properly be so called. Admiral Benham is in the harbor of Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of protecting the life, property, and commercial rights of American citizens. In acting as he did he was explicitly carrying out this duty, and is deserving of nothing but praise for bringing the matter to a positive and proper conclusion. He has received the commendation of our Government, and his conduct is, we believe, generally approved by all students of international law. It is thought that the incident will not seriously interfere with the progress of negotiations between the two forces which Admiral Benham—acting solely as an individual and not as an official—has been trying to bring about. It is certain that the people of Brazil are extremely weary of the strug-

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gle, and there seems to be little prospect of its coming to an end by the absolute victory of either side. A report is current this week that the insurgents have captured the important town of Nictheroy, but, like many other reports which have come for the last few months from Brazil, it is extremely doubtful whether it has any truth whatever behind it.

❀

General News.—King Behanzin of Dahomey has surrendered to the French forces and will be sent to Senegal; this brings an end to the campaign against the King which has been carried on for over a year by General Dodds, who captured the capital of Dahomey in November, 1892; King Behanzin has been fighting and retreating since that time in the interior of the country; whatever may be said as to the original rights of the French in the country, there can be no question that the fall of King Behanzin is in the interest of civilization, and will aid the advance of commerce.——A Spanish commission, with General Campos at its head, has arrived at Morocco City, and will undertake to settle the Melilla affair.——Auguste Vaillant, the Anarchist who threw the bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies on December 9, was guillotined early in the morning of last Monday; there was no demonstration by the populace.——The Czar of Russia, who has been seriously ill, is now rapidly recovering.——The trial of John W. McKane for illegal practices in the recent election at Gravesend, L. I., is still proceeding as we go to press; Mr. McKane, it is generally considered, injured his own case very much on cross-examination when he was forced to admit that statements made in his affidavits were absolutely incorrect.——A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts House of Representatives making it a penal offense to exhibit or employ for exhibition in any theater or public place any person who has been engaged in a prize-fight (whether in Massachusetts or any other State) within two years prior to such exhibition.——The patent on the telephone receiver expired at the end of the year just closed; but, notwithstanding this, there has been no reduction in telephone rates because of the existence of other patents and the commercial advantage now held by the telephone companies which have heretofore had exclusive use of the receiver.——The House Committee on Banking, by a vote of 9 to 8, has reported adversely upon the bill drafted by the sub-committee to remove the National tax from State bank notes.——A memorial to Phillips Brooks will soon be placed in Westminster Abbey, in the form of a beautiful mosaic representing the charge of the Saviour to Peter, "Feed My Sheep."

The Lenten Season

The Episcopal Church has long had the inestimable advantage of continually emphasizing the great facts in the life of Christ and in the spiritual history of man, instead of the human interpretations or philosophy regarding those facts. Every year the Prayer-Book takes those who use it through the entire cycle of the revelation of God to man, culminating in the life and death of Christ; and of late the other Christian churches have tended more and more strongly away from philosophical interpretations to a fresh and vital grasp of the great realities of historic Christianity. These are the finalities of the Christian system; the interpretations and philosophies change from age to age. There may be many philosophies of the divine nature, but the divine Saviour does not change; there may be many theories of the introduction of sin, but the fact of sin remains; and theory after theory is advanced to explain the Resurrection, but the risen Christ is the same from age to age. Almost every religious body observes in some form the Lenten season which begins on Wednesday of this week, and which brings anew to society and to individuals the consciousness of human frailty and the need of the divine forgiveness. The real problem of society is always the personal problem. There are many changes to be made in social and political organization which will more equably adjust the burdens of life and more evenly distribute its rewards, but the great problem of society will never be solved by organization in any form or by constitutional changes. The great problem is the righteousness of the individual man and woman. The final question is not the political or the social question; it is the moral question. The worst possible political system existing among men and women whose characteristics were integrity, purity, and love would produce infinitely better results than the best possible system operating upon impure and selfish men and women. The righteous man is the foundation of society and the hope of the world, and nothing will ever permanently regenerate society except the moral regeneration of the men and women who compose it. And the higher men advance in moral achievement, the more sensitive do they become to their own imperfections. Men do not feel their sins most deeply when they are committing them, but when they have cast them out. It is the righteous man who appreciates the vast distance in moral perfection between himself and the God whose nature he is trying to reproduce. To have a keen conscience and a constant sense of divine need is not only to atone for the sins of the past, but to avoid the possible sins of the future. If the Lenten season brings to men a new sense of their dependence upon God, and a new consciousness of the sorrows of the Son of God on account of the sins of the world, its observance will not have been in vain.

The New Anti-Lottery Campaign

Mr. L. S. Metcalf, formerly editor of the "Forum" of this city, and now the publisher of the "Florida Citizen" of Jacksonville, has rendered the Nation an invaluable service through the investigation which the "Citizen" has conducted into the present operations of the Louisiana Lottery Company. Our readers have already been told that the Lottery Company, while now conducting its drawings in Honduras, is printing its tickets and advertisements at Port Tampa City, Fla., and circulating them throughout the country from that point. The "Citizen" has sent its representative not only to Port Tampa City, but to Honduras and New Orleans, and is able to report exactly the present status of the Lottery enterprise. The printing establishment erected at Port Tampa City is a branch of the great printing-house that has been doing the Lottery's printing and lithographing in New Orleans. The offices on one side of the building are ostensibly occupied by the Central American Express, the company in whose care the Lottery advertisements direct all orders to be sent. This express company does not exist, however, for the purpose of forwarding packages to Honduras. "When delivered to the Central American Express," says the "Citizen," in describing what took place last month, "the packages were opened and the orders for tickets filled, the money being sent to New

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Orleans banks. . . . No pretense was made of sending the money to Honduras, nor were the lottery tickets sent out from that country. . . . The removal to Honduras was a sham." When the January drawings were to take place in Honduras, a chartered steamer, the Breakwater, left Port Tampa with Lottery officers and printers on board; when the drawings had been made, a list of the numbers drawing prizes was set up by the printers, and immediately brought back to Port Tampa by the Breakwater. "In Honduras there is not even a pretense of maintaining a permanent office staff, or of receiving money and sending out tickets and prizes." The only Lottery employee left in Honduras is the caretaker of the building in which the drawings were held. Mr. John A. Morris, the real head of the Lottery Company, in speaking with the representative of the "Citizen," said that, owing to the danger of yellow fever in Honduras, the Company's new steamer, now building in Scotland, would be fitted up with lottery-wheels, so that in case of fever the drawings could be held on board the steamer on the high seas.

The situation presented is a call for action to the people of the entire Nation. The people of Florida are scarcely more responsible for that situation than the people of every other State in the Union. Their Constitution prohibits lotteries, and until last spring their law was one of the most stringent, forbidding any participation whatever in the demoralizing business. The change by which the operations at Port Tampa were legalized was smuggled through the Legislature last May by the seemingly harmless addition of the words "in this State" to several drastic provisions against the aiding of lottery companies. It is only as a foreign corporation that the Honduras Lottery Company claims immunity from the general provisions of the law. These provisions can be changed by the people of Florida, and the moral sentiment to change them is being rapidly aroused. But when the changes are made, neither the Nation nor even the State of Florida is protected against the operations of the Lottery Company. Lottery matter can still be legally introduced from abroad, and when introduced there is now no law prohibiting its transmission from State to State, except through the mails. Such a law can be enacted only by the National Government, and the patriotic and Christian people of the whole Nation will be responsible if it is not speedily passed.

The Situation in Japan

The Japanese Diet, after a stormy session of one month, was dissolved by the Emperor on the 29th of December last. During this short session it was twice prorogued on account of its bitter attacks upon the Government. The session began with the arraignment of the Speaker, Mr. Toru Hoshi, a lawyer of distinguished ability, for alleged misconduct in the practice of his profession, and a memorial was presented to the Emperor praying that he might be removed from office. This memorial having failed of its object, Mr. Hoshi was expelled from the House. It is but fair to say that Mr. Hoshi, after due investigation by properly constituted tribunals, had been twice exonerated of any unprofessional conduct, and there is little doubt that his expulsion was purely a matter of political partisanship.

The Lower House of the Diet, as is well known, is controlled by the Liberals, and it is their determined purpose to embarrass the Government and force the Ministry to resign, with the hope that ere long the Cabinet will be recognized as the creature of the Lower House and dependent upon its will. In the effort to accomplish this purpose the Liberals have availed themselves of strange allies. Very frequently ultra-Conservatives and advanced Liberals have made common cause against the Government.

The most conspicuous instance of this incongruous fellowship has been seen in the support given to a bill for the rigid enforcement of the treaties, presented by a Mr. Abei. This bill contemplates the withdrawal of all the privileges which have been granted to foreigners on the basis of the existing treaties, and the strenuous insistence upon a rigidly literal interpretation of all treaties and conventions. If this bill should become a law, a conflict with the treaty powers would seem to be inevitable. A member of the Japanese Ministry has assured one at least of the foreign envoys that the present Cabinet will not consent to the passage of this bill. The bill, however, appears to have the support of a strong majority of the Lower House, and it is on the ground of the persistent effort of this majority to embarrass the Cabinet in its relations with the treaty powers that the Diet has been dissolved.

The controlling motive with such Liberals as support this movement is the thought that the contemplated restrictions upon the foreigners would serve to create on their part an eager desire for treaty revision. So far, however, as present appearances are an indication of the tendency of such legislation, it is clear that the reverse would be the case. Perhaps nothing which has occurred in Japan for the past ten years has done more to alienate the foreign residents than the discussions in the Diet during the month of December. Men who a year ago were warm friends of the new régime now advocate the suspension of the Constitution. It is not probable that this extreme step will be taken, but it is regarded by some of the most intelligent observers as a possibility by no means remote.

It is a matter for great regret that the Diet has engaged in this conflict with the Government at this stage. It has accomplished little in the way of constructive legislation—little that indicates a capacity for administration on the part of its leaders. The Liberal party comprises many strong men, but they have not yet proved their ability to command the support of a sufficient number of votes in the Diet to give assurance of steadiness of administration, and it is rumored that the leading bankers and merchants are decidedly hostile to the Diet, and view with alarm the agitation for Anglicizing the Constitution of Japan. Whatever the outcome may be, the next few years will be marked by intense political excitement.

The prospect of treaty revision is still remote. The treaty powers have been ready for several years for very large concessions, but the politicians of Japan insist upon the complete abandonment of the principle of extra-territoriality, and at the same time the majority, it would seem, is unwilling to throw open the country to residence and trade. There is no probability that the treaty powers will give over their subjects, or citizens, to the jurisdiction of the Japanese Government while the present discrimination against them in the matter of residence and trade is insisted upon. Whatever may have been true in the past, it cannot be fairly said now that the Western powers are responsible for the delay in the revision of the treaties. It is greatly to be regretted that this matter of treaty revision could not be left in the hands of experienced men like Counts Ito, Inoue, and Okuma. They are not less patriotic than the politicians of the Diet, but they take a practical view of the questions involved, and would soon find a solution which would bring great advantage to Japan, and greatly hasten the day when she can have due recog-

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nition as a member of the family of nations—a day which ought not to be far away.

An Old Man's Courage

In his latest letter to the New York "Tribune" Mr. Smalley describes a recent incident in Mr. Gladstone's life which is so characteristic of the man and so illustrative of the splendid force that is in him that it ought to be widely read. Mr. Gladstone is now staying at Biarritz. The day before he left he called on Dr. Granger, who has succeeded Sir Andrew Clark as the Premier's physician, and who is also an oculist. He told Mr. Gladstone that a cataract had obliterated the sight of one eye and that another cataract had begun to form on the other. The Prime Minister reflected a moment, and said: "I wish you to remove the cataract at once." The physician replied that it was not yet far enough advanced for an operation. "You do not understand me," answered the Premier; "it is the old cataract I wish removed. If that is out of the way, I shall still have one good eye when the new cataract impairs the sight of the other." As the physician still hesitated, Mr. Gladstone continued: "You still seem not to understand me. I want you to perform the operation here and now, while I am sitting in this chair." "But it might not be successful," said Dr. Granger. "That is a risk I accept," was the instant reply.

It is this splendid quality of courage in Mr. Gladstone which has made him for two generations the progressive leader of the English people. One such incident in the life of a man eighty-four years of age puts to shame all the lamentations of the pessimists, whose outcries are never a criticism upon life, but always a criticism upon themselves. One ounce of pluck outweighs all the fault-finding and bewailing in the world.

A Sensible Reform

Mr. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, a prominent lawyer of this city, and a very useful member of the Board of Education, has set on foot a much-needed reform in a thoroughly practical way. His attention having been called to the extent to which cigarette-smoking is practiced by school-boys, and to its pernicious effects upon the mind and body, he conceived the idea of appealing to the manhood of the boys and crystallizing school sentiment against the habit. He therefore prepared a very simple pledge, the signers of which agree to abstain from cigarette-smoking until they reach the age of twenty-one years, and to use their influence to induce all boys of their acquaintance to take the same step. As a result of Mr. Hubbell's efforts, Anti-Cigarette-Smoking Leagues have been started in the schools in this city, and it is Mr. Hubbell's anticipation that by the first of May seventy-five thousand boys in the public schools of the metropolis will have enlisted in this reform movement. Mr. Hubbell mentions the fact that the medical examiner of one of the largest life-insurance companies recently said that he would not accept as a risk the life of an applicant who had steadily smoked cigarettes between the ages of eight and eighteen. He also calls attention to the fact that professional men and shopkeepers will no longer take boys known to be cigarette-smokers into their employ, so immediately does the habit interfere with their usefulness. These facts are to the point, although no evidence is needed to convince intelligent people of the perniciousness of cigarette-smoking by boys. Unfortunately, although this habit is of comparatively recent origin, it has spread to a surprising extent among the public-school boys, the ease with which cigarettes are smoked and the low price at which they are sold tempting many boys to an indulgence the demoralizing effects of which they do not understand. The movement which Mr. Hubbell has inaugurated has spread to other cities, and ought to receive the adhesion of every school for boys in the country.

Editorial Notes

—There has been for several years a Thirteen Club in this city, which has attracted very little attention either from fate or from the public, but the recent organization of such a club in London calls forth solemn editorials from two or three of the leading English journals. The serious English mind revolts at the wanton destruction of venerable superstitions.

—The usually accurate London "Chronicle" states that the committee appointed to report to Congress upon the World's Fair at Chicago has been charged to limit its labor to twenty-five volumes. Unless this story has grown considerably during its six thousand miles of travel, the record of the Fair is likely to be as dull as the exhibition itself was bright.

—Charles Dickens's account of the land-swindles typified in the "Eden" of "Martin Chuzzlewit" was vigorously denounced as exaggeration and burlesque. Yet the other day we read in a daily paper of the exposure of a swindling land scheme, the founder of which—a woman—not only sold swamp-land as valuable corner lots, but actually called her moist and feverish "town-site" The Garden of Eden.

—At a meeting of the trades-unions of this city to recommend principles to be incorporated in the State Constitution by the approaching Convention, the representatives of the Waiters' Union urged and insisted upon a clause in the organic law of the State forbidding saloon-keepers to act as employment agents. It was with difficulty that they were at last persuaded that so good an enactment had no place in a good State Constitution.

—It is with much satisfaction that every one must regard the present propitious conditions of settling the Pamir difficulty between England and Russia. While it may be impossible to forecast the lines of settlement, it is to be hoped that both Powers will acknowledge the good of having Afghanistan on the one side and China on the other to exercise suzerainty over the possessions intervening between those of the Bull and the Bear.

—Among all the plans devised to help the unemployed, perhaps the most original is that followed to a considerable extent in Australia. It consists in literally presenting gold-mines to the idle poor. Of course the mines are not of the choicest, but those called "old diggings;" yet three thousand men who were sent out to them from the great cities, together with their families, have made a living wage. Transportation and tools were given free by the Government.

—The admirable article on Tammany Hall in the current "Atlantic" tells how one Tammany leader, not to be balked by the Australian ballot law, made sure that his professed followers voted his ticket by perfuming the Tammany paster which the ballots of the faithful were to contain. When the voter handed in his ballot, the election inspector had but to wave it in the air before depositing it. The ingenuity displayed is perhaps less surprising than the revelation that the sense of smell still survives in Tammany Hall.

—At the mass-meeting of the unemployed held in Madison Square Garden last week, on the initiative of Dr. Coit, of the University Settlement—probably the largest mass-meeting ever held in this city—President Low, of Columbia, and Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, urged two duties toward the unemployed which apply to individuals as well as cities. President Low urged that it was the duty of every one who contemplated expenditures for work done to make them now; and Dr. Rainsford urged that it was the duty of every man and every corporation to make some sacrifice rather than lay off any employee at this season.

—One of the badly planned charities for the relief of the unemployed in this city has been brought to an end because of the alleged ingratitude of the beneficiaries. We do not doubt that the beneficiaries were ungrateful. There is hardly an exception to the rule that those who have undertaken charitable work in the spirit of patronage have met with nothing but ingratitude, while those who have helped the poor in the spirit of respect for them have been humbled by the amount of gratitude which they have received for the small sacrifices they have made. Those who give are rewarded according to their faith, not according to their works.

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The Distribution of Property

By Charles B. Spahr

THE State of New York has placed within reach of the public the long-needed materials for determining how far the wealth of the Nation signifies the comfort and independence of the mass of its citizens, and how far it signifies the enrichment and power of a comparatively few. A law passed year before last in connection with the taxation of inheritances made it the duty of executors and administrators to file with Clerks of Surrogate exact records as to all estates, whether subject to taxation or not. While lecturing at Columbia upon the Distribution of Wealth, the writer began an investigation of these records, meeting with most gratifying courtesy on the part of the Clerks of Surrogate. On behalf of The Outlook he has carried forward this investigation in all parts of the State, until a three months' record has been secured from a majority of the counties, embracing a population of nearly five millions. This furnishes a fairly wide basis for generalization, not only respecting the State, but respecting the country at large.

The investigation began early last spring with New York City. During the three months immediately preceding, the Jay Gould estate had been probated, making the returns abnormal. Therefore the last quarter of 1892 was selected as the period to be covered.[1] During these months, though thirty-six hundred men and women over the age of twenty-five had died, only nine hundred odd had left estates. It was clear, therefore, that more than one-half of the families represented had left no property whatever—not even a savings-bank account. During the three months taken, while eighteen hundred men at the head of families died, only six hundred left anything outside of their household furniture.

What, then, was the distribution of property among the possessing classes? Here arbitrary classification is necessary, and the estates have been classified according as their value was less than $5,000, between that sum and $50,000, or in excess of $50,000. The 969 estates probated in New York City were divided among these classes as follows:

	No. of Estates.	Aggregate Value.
Below $5,000	704	$590,172
$5,000 to $50,000	212	3,538,313
$50,000 and over	53	12,437,511
	969	$16,565,996

In other words, among the possessing classes, those holding less than $5,000, although outnumbering the well-to-do and the rich nearly three to one, held less than four per cent. of the property, while the comparatively few holding over $50,000 owned three times as much as all other classes combined.

This, however, was for New York City, and the concentration of wealth in this city is notorious. More wealth is owned in this city than in all the Southern States combined, and such is the value of realty that practically no one worth less than $5,000 can possess any at all. No generalization, therefore, respecting the country at large can be made from the above data; indeed, they could not, without other evidence, be said to represent faithfully the general distribution of property among the great cities of the country. Of the latter, however, Brooklyn furnished a fair example, and the Surrogate's returns for that city show no very marked differences. Here again it was found that less than one-half of the heads of families dying during the quarter left any estates whatever; that the richest class held three times as much as all the other classes put together; while what is called the "great middle class," though embracing two-thirds of the property-owners, held less than six per cent. of the property. Yet it is in alleged defense of the middle classes—the small investors and shopkeepers, and home-owners—that the metropolitan press generally resists measures to lighten the burdens upon the wages of labor, whether imposed by the Government itself or by chartered monopolies.

But New York City and Brooklyn do not at all fairly represent the State of New York. It has been a matter of common observation that in the rural districts property is much better distributed. This observation is shown by the returns from the Surrogates' offices to be thoroughly in accordance with the facts. In some of the agricultural counties, unfortunately, the Surrogates' records are badly kept, but from ten such counties where they are well kept the following typical returns were received:

	No. of Estates.	Aggregate Value.
Under $5,000	337	$613,182
$5,000 to $50,000	131	1,538.348
$50,000 and over	5	505,340
	473	$2,656,870

As the population of these ten counties was half a million, the number of men at the head of families who died during these three months was approximately 550. Of the 473 estates, approximately 300 were left by men. This demonstrates that in the neighborhood of sixty per cent. of the families represented were property-holding. This shows a distribution of property half again as wide as in either New York or Brooklyn. This showing is particularly good, inasmuch as some farm tenants doubtless died, who, in addition to their household furniture, owned some farm stock and implements. In the cities there is no longer a corresponding form of ownership for the poorer classes, since the machinery of production is almost exclusively owned by employers.

But this is only the beginning of the evidence of the better distribution of wealth in the agricultural districts. Whereas in the two great cities those holding less than $5,000 owned less than six per cent. of the wealth, they here held nearly twenty-four per cent.; and it required the well-to-do and the richer classes combined to hold as large a proportion of the wealth as was held in the cities by the richer classes alone.

It is only as regards the better distribution of the wealth, however, that the comparisons are favorable to the agricultural counties. The amount of wealth to be distributed is much less than in the cities. In New York and Brooklyn the average value of the estates was respectively $17,000 and $18,000. In the agricultural counties the average value of the estates was less than $6,000, or but one-third as much. Even when we take into account the proportionately smaller number of estates in the cities, the difference in wealth between city and country is most marked. In the cities the property left averaged over $9,000 for every head of a family who died during these three months. In the agricultural counties the average was less than $5,000. Despite, therefore, the vast tenement-house population without property, the average wealth in the metropolis is about double that of the agricultural counties.[1]

Turning now from the consideration of separate sections to the consideration of the State as a whole, the following table summarizes the results reached:

	No. of Estates.	Aggregate Value.
Below $5,000	2,467	$3,187,300 02
$5,000 to $50,000	768	10,811,845 18
$50,000 and over	116	28,215,273 77
	3,351	$42,214,418 97

As the population covered by this table was 4,628,000, the number of heads of families who died during the quarter was approximately 5,000. (10,000 men and women over twenty-five died during this period. About 2,100 men and 1,250 women left estates.) The amount of property left for each head of a family who died was $8,000.

[1] Mr. Keenan, of the Surrogate's office, to whose kindness I was especially indebted for the returns, remarked upon handing them to me that the three months selected were notable for the unusually small number of estates reaching one million—there being but two, and those two aggregating only $2,100,000.

[1] The agricultural counties of New York, it may be said, are as rich as any in the entire country. The census of 1880 estimated the average value of New York farms at $5,000, Kansas farms at $2,000, and Carolina and Georgia farms at $500.

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Those holding less than $5,000, however, and representing seven-eighths of the families, held less than eight per cent. of the wealth, while those holding over $50,000, though representing but one-fiftieth of the families, held twice as much wealth as all the remainder.

Without doubt this represents fairly the distribution, or rather the concentration, of wealth in New York. The only variable element in such tables is the number and value of estates valued at a million and over. The number of millionaires in the State, as the "Tribune's" well-prepared list showed, is about fifteen hundred But even in such a body the number of deaths in so short a period as three months will fluctuate sharply. To get rid of this fluctuating element, the last group in the table above should be subdivided as follows:

	No. of Estates.	Aggregate Value.
$50,000 to $1,000,000	110	$18,465,273 77
$1,000,000 and over	6	$9,750,000 00

It so happens that the millionaires held the same proportion of the total wealth as Mr. George K. Holmes, of the Census Bureau,[1] estimates that the millionaires of the country hold of the wealth of the country. Nevertheless, this proportion of very large estates, though normal for the entire country, is less than normal for the State of New York.

This leads us to the concluding generalization. The ownership of property is more concentrated in New York than in the country at large. It would be unfair, therefore, to use the tables for New York State in making estimates for the entire country. New York City contains more estates in excess of $1,000,000 than Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio combined. Even outside of this city New York State has more than its proportion of the great estates. It is necessary also to omit the city of Brooklyn before we have a territory typical of the country at large. Omitting these, we find in the remaining thirty-five counties reporting, the following distribution of estates:

	No. of Estates.	Aggregate Value.
Below $5,000	1,427	$2,085,098 02
$5,000 to $50,000	409	5,184,196 18
$50,000 and over	36	8,794,662 77
	1,872	$16,063,956 97

As this table most nearly represents the distribution of property throughout the Union, it demands analysis. The population of the counties tabulated was 2,300,000; so that the number of men at the heads of families who died during the quarter was approximately 2,500. A little less than 1,200 men left estates. but as some of the women who left estates were not the wives or daughters of property-owners, it is safe to say that just about one-half of the families in which deaths occurred were property-owning—at least to the extent of a savings-bank account. The remaining half, with the exception of farm tenants, possessed nothing besides their household effects.

Of the property-owning half of the people, three-quarters possessed thirteen per cent. of the wealth, while one-fiftieth possessed fifty per cent. of it. Transferring these proportions to the Nation at large, we find the sixty billions of National wealth to be distributed among the twelve and a half million families somewhat as follows:

	No. of Families.	Aggregate Wealth.	Average Wealth.
Below $5,000	11,000,000	$8,000,000,000	$750
$5,000 to $50,000	1,375,000	22,000,000,000	16,000
$50,000 and over	125,000	30,000,000,000	240,000

In short, eighty-eight per cent. of our families possess but one-eighth of the wealth, while one per cent. possess as much as the remaining ninety-nine per cent.

Whatever error there is in this table is demonstrably on the side of understating the present concentration of wealth, for in the returns made to the Surrogates the debts are not yet deducted from the value of the estates, and it is the small house-owners and shopkeepers and farmers whose debts cover the most considerable portion of their holdings. We must recognize, therefore, that the Nation's vast wealth does not bring comfort, culture, and independence to the rank and file of the people. If the Nation's wealth is to mean the Nation's well-being, the rank and file of the people must reverse the policies which the rich and the tools of the rich have thrust upon them. In the domain of National taxation there must be an end of the system of indirect taxation by which five per cent. of the wages of labor are taken from labor in the dark, and in its place there must be the direct taxation of the incomes from property, proportioned as the awakened public conscience would proportion it. In the domain of local taxation there must be an end to the overburdening of individual holdings of realty, and all property, personal as much as real, corporate as much as individual, must be taxed alike, wherever it has its tangible existence. And to this must be added the rapidly progressive taxation of inheritances, if the separation of classes is not to go on increasing. In the domain of finance there must be an end to the policy of contraction and the robbery of debtors for the enrichment of creditors. In the domain of industry there must be an end to the policy of permitting natural monopolies to be managed in the interests of their owners as opposed to the interests of the public. Even these radical measures will not prevent the increase of the fortunes already injuriously great. The Nation's wealth to-day is four times what it was thirty years ago; thirty years hence it may be nearly four times what it is to-day. If this increased wealth is to bring with it the independence and comfort and educated manhood and womanhood of the mass of our people, the conscience and heart of the Nation must take hold of this problem.

[1] "Political Science Quarterly," December, 1893.

Business Failures

By the Hon. William Whiting

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

This article is the result of a conversation with the senior member of the Whiting Paper Company, one of the largest and most successful houses in its line in the country. The talk was carried on in Mr. Whiting's private office in a corner of one of the big mills of the company at Holyoke, Mass. In the office was comparative quiet, though the muffled din and jar of the machinery in the mill proper were still apparent. Mr. Whiting sat at his desk, which, like that of most business men, was strewn with letters, papers, and odds and ends. The reporter had a seat near a window, and caught the other's words both in sense and substance as nearly as possible in what follows.

When I was a boy, I used to think that the storekeepers were about the most comfortably fixed of any class in the community. I always saw them taking in money, and I wondered what they did with it all. What I did not see or think of was the bills they had to pay and their losses and expenses. My view as a boy illustrates very well the way, to a degree, that every man who is an outsider looks at the business of another. Almost invariably he sees the pleasant side; and that may be no more than a shell of prosperous appearances. Only the man inside knows the weak points of his business, and the best business has weak points. It does a concern no good to have these advertised, and the men inside simply guard them and keep silent.

Whether you buy out a business or start anew, you will find the greatest difficulty in fairly realizing the dangers and contingencies of it beforehand. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred you will find you have underestimated expenses. It is easy to figure out a profit as an outsider. It is difficult to realize that profit as an insider.

A danger that the younger men and those who take up a new business are apt to encounter lies in their eagerness to branch out, to make improvements, and to abandon the moss-grown methods of their predecessors. This all sounds very well, but in practice it too often results in disaster. As an instance, there are the Baring Brothers, an old house of conservative spirit and the greatest supposed stability. Their failure was the result of the enterprise of new members of the firm who found the old ways too slow and narrow. The only safe course in business is to hang on to the sure things, to make changes gradually, and only after the most careful consideration.

The tendency in our country is to extend one's business

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too rapidly, to depend too much on futures, to spread out too thin the capital that is absolutely one's own. We attempt rather more than we can handle comfortably. It is wise to undertake only what we can do well. The English understand this point better than we do. Their business talent as a nation is remarkable. When they get a grip on a good thing, they hang on to it steadfastly year in and year out.

It is astonishing how seductive business is. All classes, experienced and inexperienced, will undertake hopefully the most doubtful ventures. I know a laboring man who, within six months of the time he came to this country as an emigrant, raised seven hundred dollars among his friends and started a grocery-store. He had not an atom of experience, but things looked promising until the expenses began to roll up and his money was spent. Then he got cramped, he could not keep a good stock, customers left him, and he lost all he had. At the other extreme I know of an elderly man who, at the age of seventy, went into a new business and invested his entire fortune of three-quarters of a million dollars. He had competitors who had such natural advantages over him in the placing of their plants that he was ruined. There is no end of people, both rich and poor, who make these sanguine failures every year. We too readily attempt the management of a business that is new to us, and we too readily invest the profits of our own business in enterprises of which we have no personal knowledge. The man does best in the long run who sticks to his own business, is chary of outside responsibilities and schemes, and invests his surplus that must go outside safely at six per cent.

A good deal of trouble could be avoided if men realized that business runs in cycles. For instance, I look upon the next ten years in this way: Almost all manufacturing has been stimulated to over-production. If all the mills ran full time, they would produce a considerable per cent. more than could be consumed. Therefore, in the next three years excess of competition and short product will make profits light. By that time the natural increase of demand, coupled with the fact that capital has been deterred by small returns from investing in new mills, will make profits fairly good. Finally, in the last three or four years of the decade profits will be high. Then will come a rush of new mills, over-production, and stagnation again.

The mills built at the end of the high-profit period are the ones that have the hardest time. The cost of the plant, and the expenses of starting and making a place in the market for goods there is no call for, bring failure to some, and to others a harassing and lifelong burden of debt.

It is dangerous for even a well-established concern to calculate that the high-profit period will be continuous. The tendency is to reinvest all surplus and not carry enough reserve, and there comes a pinch in the light years, or when some heavy and unforeseen expenditure becomes necessary.

Besides all this there is the wear and tear on machinery, and its liability to be superseded by that which is better. The novice who is about to invest in a mill rarely thinks of this item, yet it amounts to five or ten per cent. of the original cost of the machinery yearly. Many firms have failed because they did not give proper attention to this point. It is only a question of time when out-of-date machinery alone will swamp a concern.

In starting in a business, there is nothing like entering on one that is old and well established, if you can get it at the right price. If it is successful and profitable, it is a good investment even at a handsome bonus. At the same time, if you have not had wide business experience and a thorough knowledge of the particular field you propose entering, the chances are you will take too rosy a view of it.

Trading, to a disinterested outsider, must often have almost the appearance of robbery. The buyer cares little for "inventory" prices and "fair estimates." He will often put in the knife and scale these down a third or a half, and refuse to talk except on that basis. On the other hand, if the seller has the advantage, he will squeeze the buyer to the same extent. In our present hard times it is the buyer who crowds down prices, and, with the risks he takes, there is need for his severity. The man who is not a sharp buyer courts failure.

The younger business men frequently find a pitfall in business speculation; that is, they do not study to supply the natural demand simply, but to find large profits in chance changes of prices. Yet I never knew any one smart enough to always buy low and sell high—to carry a large stock over to a high-price period, and a small stock over to the low-price period. If they make once they lose twice, and the older men avoid engaging in such transactions. In panics or booms it does not pay to get either scared or excited.

The young business man is also too easily induced to put his name on notes and bonds to accommodate his friends. He can best assure his success by not obligating himself at all. As for his friends, they will, in the majority of cases, be better off if they find it difficult to borrow. It is unfortunate for a man to be able to borrow money too easily. He does not feel the responsibility he should, and it slips through his fingers. He not only cripples himself, but the weaker of those who lent him their names.

Besides the dangers mentioned that are not apt to be foreseen and discounted by the man going into business, are losses by bad bills, by fire or accident, by dishonest help, by sickness, and by personal extravagance. There will be some bad bills anyway, and there should always be some reserve to meet the possibility of these and of fire and accident. As for dishonesty, there are a thousand ways in which it can creep in. Safety can come only in a thorough knowledge of the business from top to bottom, and a personal overseeing and testing. It is essential, too, that the books be examined occasionally. This examination does not mean suspicion of the help, but is made on the general principle that supposed trustworthiness has in the past often failed, and lightning strikes in unexpected places.

Sickness is more serious in a small business than in a large one. A well-organized manufacturing concern will move along smoothly of its own weight for any moderate length of time.

In the matter of personal expenses, the American tendency is to increase them fully as fast as the business will warrant. Yet the men who are working up to the largest success live more quietly than their neighbors who are at present equally prosperous. A fine house and high living, and a place in the upper circle of fashionable society, are questionable things for the young business man to aspire to. In reality, a man's success depends largely on his wife. If she is ambitious and showy in her tastes, she will use both her husband's time and money with dangerous freedom. If the wife is economical, and counts the cost in her plans and expenditures, she is a great help.

In the use of his free time after business hours, I suppose that what is best is not half the night spent at the club or in society, but a quiet evening spent at home, and an early hour for retiring—at least that method is best as a rule. It is said that Armour, the wealthy Chicago business man, retires invariably at nine o'clock. No matter what the circumstances are, even if company is present, he at that hour begs to be excused and leaves the room. It is a great advantage for a man to get up with a good clear head. He needs to feel well to do his best in business, just as in anything else.

As to whether culture has a pecuniary value to a business man, I should say yes. Reading and wide knowledge mellow a man's opinions, and he can treat questions that come up more broadly than otherwise. He will look at a proposition more fairly and thoroughly.

The sum of the matter is that a man had far better make less money than to take too large risks even in his own business; and outside ventures should be regarded doubtfully always. For there is no worry that will kill a man quicker than business worry, and many die of this who have a very different disease set against their names in the news items of the papers. It is easy enough to realize the truth of these things we have been talking over now. The time to think of them, however, is in the good years when everything booms with the promise of large gains.

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A Winter Night College

By W. A. Platt

For two seasons we have had in Colorado Springs an institution the plan and the practical working of which are so admirable that perhaps if it were more widely known it would be of use to other cities. This institution is called the Winter Night College. The originator, organizer, President, and engineer of it is the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and the sessions are held in that building. It is in no sense, however, a denominational institution. The membership is from many churches, and more than half the Faculty are not Presbyterians.

Perhaps the easiest and clearest way to describe the institution is to give a short account of the way in which its work is begun. The initiative lies with the President or organizer, who invites to meet him a few persons—from six to ten—most of whom he regards as probable leaders or teachers of "circles." These persons constitute the Council. They decide what topics shall be taken up and who shall lead the circle in each topic. The consent of the appointed leaders having been obtained, announcement is made in the newspapers that there will be a preliminary meeting for enrollment, and that circles will be formed for the study of certain topics. This year in our College the courses offered were Current Topics, Civics, Social Science, Geology, Sanitary Science, Shakespeare, Classic Myths in English Literature, and a "Journey Club" to make the "grand tour" of Great Britain and the Continent. At the preliminary meeting—which was held nearly a month before the first regular session—and during the time intervening between that and the first session, all the circles enrolled a satisfactory number (from seven to twenty-one), except that in Sanitary Science, which was then dropped. The work of the circles has now been going on for two months, and there has been an average attendance of about one hundred and fifty in all, and four of the circles have averaged over twenty members at each meeting.

The circles in Shakespeare, Myths, Civics, and Geology use a text-book, and the Social Science circle for four meetings used Dr. Strong's "New Era" as a basis for their discussions. The circle in Current Topics and the Journey Club use no text-books, but make free use of books of reference.

The method of conducting the work of each circle is necessarily left largely to the discretion of the leader. In Current Topics the leader announces each evening the topic for the next, the members reading up meantime whatever they can. This circle has occupied itself thus far largely with the discussion of the recent elections, the Hawaiian question, and the tariff, but is now proceeding to discuss immigration, Socialism, and other topics of the day. In Geology, Le Conte's book is used as a basis for study, and the leader delivers lectures upon which the members of the circle take notes and ask questions. In Civics the text-book is Cocker's "Government of the United States," and the Constitution is the basis of study. Topics are sometimes assigned for outside investigation and short reports, and the leader conducts the circle by means of question and answer. In the Journey Club topics are also assigned for reports, but the leader does most of the work, illustrating his ciceronian discourse with photographs and maps. In Classic Myths the question and answer method is used to some extent, supplemented by the fuller information of the leader. In the Social Science circle there is a free discussion, based upon the book in hand.

The leaders of the circles are of varied professions. Two are ministers (Social Science and Shakespeare), two are teachers (Current Topics and Myths), one is a professor in college (Geology), two are newspaper men (Civics and Journey Club). One of the leaders (Myths) is a woman, and her circle is one of the largest and most enthusiastic.

The finances are in charge of a Secretary-treasurer, who keeps the minutes, receives fees, disburses money upon authorization of the Council, and makes a record of attendance. The fee for the whole course is one dollar. This money pays for lighting and heating the church during sessions. Text-books are obtained at special rates from the publishers, and sold at cost to members.

Last season the enrollment was something over one hundred, and the average attendance, including visitors, about the same. This season the enrollment and average attendance are about one hundred and fifty.

The plan has proved a most practical one, elastic enough to be adapted easily to new or changing conditions, but firm enough to insure some real work and intellectual improvement on the part of those who attend. The sessions are held every Friday evening from 7:30 to 9 o'clock. The opening exercises consist of a hymn, reading of Scripture, and prayer. Circle work begins at 7:45 and ends at 8:30. A fifteen-minute report follows, before the whole assembly, by one of the leaders, on the work of his particular circle, so that members of all the circles are kept somewhat informed as to what each of the others is doing. Such reports have been made on the Hawaiian question, the formation of the Constitution, the tariff, classic myths, Macbeth's character, and the formation of metalliferous veins in granite. Following the report, if there is time, there may be miscellaneous exercises.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Writer as a Wage-Earner

By Charles Howard Shinn

The other day several young writers were discussing the "bread and butter problem." "We write," they said, "and some of our articles are accepted, but we cannot earn as much as if we were teaching country schools or hoeing corn. We are heedful of the good advice given us by older and better-known writers, though much of what they say consists of platitudes—and priggish, exasperating platitudes at that. As we know very well, there is 'room at the top,' but that does not seem to improve our tempers any. What we want is a safe and modest income that we can depend upon, and then we can perhaps bring out what is in us."

If one reads even a tenth part of the articles that are printed in these days about "literary compensation," it becomes evident that a great cloud of witnesses have agreed upon its inadequacy. Let us for a moment consider both sides, and see if some working suggestions cannot be evolved.

The editorial side of the matter has been stated with great force and clearness in the Easy Chair of "Harper's Monthly;" in a delightful essay by Mr. James E. Learned, of the New York "Evening Post," entitled "The Worm Turns," and printed several years ago in the "Forum;" and in various articles that have appeared in the leading publications of the country. To be frank, some of the most brilliant writing of the times has gone into bits of pleading and argument with that troublesome personage, the "Young Writer." Whatever else in a magazine goes unread, a calm, judicial article upon such a subject as "Why Strephon's Verses were Returned with Regrets" is certain to strike a hidden chord in many an unsuspected place. So universal in these days is this sort of warning that every well-equipped editorial office might easily contain a scrap-book entitled "The Discourager of Authorship," in which should be placed every obtainable magazine article, editorial, and newspaper clipping that is calculated to warn young writers of the difficulties of the literary path. This should be given to every one who brings a manuscript, or calls to ask about the fate of one.

There are a few geniuses among writers who take everything by storm, command their own rewards, and need only the warning that from him to whom much has been given much shall be required. There is also a whole army of hopeful, patient workers, full of every-day talents, and much in earnest. These "stand in the market-place,"

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waiting for a call; these bear the heat and burden of the day, and make up the host of the toilers of literature. It must be their highest praise and greatest consolation that, in the aggregate, they are "the interpreters to the people." Like the "minor poets" of the land, they come and go; but the succession endures, and keeps the undercurrent continually fresh and sweet. It is only when the minor poets claim to be great poets that they lose their place and value; it is only when these writers forget the law of usefulness to their fellow-man that they sink towards the class of "incapables," of which more anon.

The supply of "fairly passable" literary work far exceeds the demand. Waste effort and futile struggle, under these conditions, are inevitable. No man may number the host of "rejected addresses" that vainly woo busy editors. The worst of it is that many a writer picks up his waif when it returns disconsolate, and sends it to another editor, and another, and yet another, until it seems like a waterlogged, barnacle-covered hulk, drifting heedlessly about the ocean, the terror of every voyager. The "old editor" may be forgiven if he shrugs his shoulders when such manuscripts drift his way, and sends them back unread. "Passable literary work," all of it, but there is no room in these days for the hundredth part. When a magazine has fifty bright short stories accepted, the aspirant must bring to its relentless critic a new story that is better than any of them. By that law of competition the standard is being raised every year. Many a writer who does work that would have been good enough for the best magazines of a quarter of a century ago is now barely able to keep his place in the second rate or third-rate publications.

Again, as we all agree, nothing can be done for the "incapables." Those men and women who cannot do effective writing, and cannot teach themselves how to do it, cannot be taught how by any one else. They cannot be helped by social aids, by personal friendships, or by the tin trumpets of "mutual admiration societies." No one else can write them into a permanent literary reputation. If they have money and publish their own books, those books will fall flat on the market; and if they start their own periodicals, those periodicals will not obtain subscribers.

Among the incapables are all kinds of interesting personages; but the editor who allows his sympathies to run away with him is doomed to sorrow and failure. Ah, the pity of the struggle that one sees and cannot possibly help! Sad mothers write out their girlhood experiences, their shattered dreams, their pretty pet phrases—for the sake of bread for their hungry children. The daughter of some old and stately family—some brilliant, luxurious Lady Serena, full of dainty ways and graceful refinements, but suddenly left poor, helpless, and without a salable talent, flies to the inkstand for refuge, remembering how often she has been told that she "ought to write a novel." These, and such as these, may stand for illustrations of the pitiful, ineffectual struggle of which every editor is aware. All about the charmed gates the incapables crowd, fascinated beyond recall by the basilisk eyes of the demon of *cacothes scribendi*, and nothing can be done except to hand them back their articles. Sometimes I doubt if there be a more hopeless, horrible sight on earth than this, of the army of men and women writing day and night, neglecting home duties, besieging their friends and every editorial office, watching the mail with feverish eagerness, and never meeting with any success worth the name.

The editor of a monthly magazine once told me of his experience with one of the "incapables." The would-be writer had published much verse for glory in the country newspapers. He called on the editor with letters of introduction, stayed a long time, and left an assorted lot of poems, which were all found to be inconceivably bad, and were returned as "unavailable." The next day the indignant poet appeared, and wanted the subject reopened. He said there was certainly a mistake somewhere, and offered in evidence of the value of his poetry a number of testimonial letters from individuals who had said nice things about it, and had called him the "rising young poet of Ophir Gulch," the "Shakespeare of the Sierras," and similarly convincing names. "Was the editor prepared to impugn the good faith and judgment of the Honorable Patrick Malony, ex-Assemblyman from Mount Shasta District, and the candidate of the county for Governor?"

"But," said the editor, "these admirable letters are entirely irrelevant. I had the honor to read some of your poems, and they did not make me feel that way. There is no opinion to be consulted in this matter except my own. Bring me poetry that I want to use, and I will print it."

The poet then stated that he and his friends thought that his poetry was much better than any that was appearing in the magazine, and he asked, with fine scorn, whether such autocratic decisions were justifiable by any editorial code of morals.

The editor felt that the case was hopeless, but he made another effort: "Why should you not get an unbiased opinion on your poetry, since you doubt mine? Make a list of ten of the leading publications of the United States, and send the same poems that I have returned, to these publications, one after another, inclosing stamps for return if not 'available.' The only test you can trust is the test of market value."

The poet went away without another word, and, after some years of vain battering at the doors, began to publish his verses in pamphlets and give them away to all his acquaintances, with the declaration that the whole country was run by literary cliques who were the enemies of genius.

Successful writing, like any other kind of success, is the result of long training and first-rate mechanical skill. The same faithful attention to details that is necessary to success in a trade or profession is necessary to success in literature. A young lawyer or physician expects to work hard and earn little for years while he is "becoming known;" the young writer must pay the same price for success. He must study "all the side issues," the newspapers that pay, the pamphlet-writing, report-making, and specialist work of a thousand sorts. The greater part of many a well-equipped writer's income is from sources of whose very existence the amateur is ignorant. I remember one case where the prospectus of a great vineyard company had to be prepared to go to England. A writer who knew outdoor California thoroughly was sent for, and the maps and experts' reports were laid before him.

"We want two thousand words in the best of English. What will it cost, and when can we have it?"

"It will cost fifty dollars; and you can have it to-morrow at nine o'clock."

Just as soon as a writer is known to be honest, capable, reliable, and "as professional as a lawyer," his services are in demand. He can do a great many things that pay at least as well as the ordinary work for the periodicals does, and much of it can be made more or less educational. A fellow-worker of mine used to say that a man ought to get a newspaper sketch, a story, and a magazine article out of every investigation he takes up.

"Take your coat off," was his phrase, "jump in, and seize the bottom facts, whether the subject is yacht-racing or custom-house frauds. When you know all about it, utilize the material in as many ways as possible, then drop it out of sight and out of mind."

He justified his own theory, for he was certainly one of the most successful of writers. He wrote for "bread and butter," but he took solid comfort in the business. Yet I am sure that he had no especial talent as a writer except a really remarkable lack of worry. He never "talked shop;" he never "fussed," or wasted time, or sent his "stuff" to impossible markets. Editors soon discovered that he was safe, straightforward, and always turning out work of a high average. One editor was heard to say of him that he "lacked all the ordinary vanities of writers, and was therefore the most delightful of men." He once said of himself that his land grew potatoes, which he could always sell in one market or another, and he "never cared a continental which boarding-house took them." He added that he had many consolations out of his work as he went along; that he greatly admired the orchid-houses

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and innumerable experiments of horticulturists with more capital and better chances, but for his part, he swore by potatoes, which exactly suited his land.

On the whole, is not my fellow-worker's philosophy sound to the core? For the incapables there is no hope whatever; but for the writers who are doing good work, are there not often unsuspected resources about them, in writing that does not bring fame but does bring money? My fellow-worker says that the moment a reasonably sensible and careful writer gets rid of the hunger and thirst for doing something that will set people talking about him, and picks up the subjects that are nearest and most familiar, and sets to work in a professional spirit, the markets begin to develop quite fast enough, and he earns his bread and butter by his own potato-growing, without envying the rest of his horticultural rivals.

The Will of a Pauper

By Emily Huntington Miller

In Two Parts—I.

It was four o'clock of a Sunday afternoon. Along the narrow foot-path that kept company up hill and down with the stony turnpike, the Squire was soberly plodding, leaning forward a little on his cane, and shaking his head occasionally, as if absorbed in argument with himself.

He was not a man to indulge in vain Sabbath wanderings: he had come s raight from the meeting-house at the end of the village street, where he had conscientiously dozed through the afternoon sermon, and he was still examining the deduction from "fifthly," with a question of its logic. He mused upon the indications that the minister's powers were failing a little, and congratulated himself upon his own perfect preservation, at an age five years in advance of his spiritual adviser.

"Shows the advantage," argued the Squire, "of a profession where a man has to prove his positions against an opponent. A minister, now, simply charges the jury, and he can't be too hard on the prisoner—has to give both sides a fair showin'."

A troop of quails ran out of the sweet-fern at his very foot, and scurried across to the shelter of the tangle under the opposite wall, but he scarcely glanced after the pretty creatures. The goodly smell from a wild grapevine, matted with clematis over a stone-heap, tempted him to lift the branches with his cane and bring to light the irregular purple clusters, but he would have counted it a sin to gather them, though the temptation was undoubtedly less because his practiced eye assured him that the color was not of the tinge to accompany sweetness. Just at the top of the hill the foot-path turned suggestively aside to a pair of bars, set in the rickety wall whose infirmities were half hidden by the friendly hedge of briers and barberry-bushes that snuggled up to it.

The Squire stopped, pushed up his hat, and hesitated, while his dog smelled inquisitively around the bar-posts, and took a short excursion into the rye stubble on some errand of his own. Half a mile or so across the fields stood the red farm-house where his business lay—a tedious walk by the road, but pleasant enough over the smooth mowing-lots, green tufted meadows, and crisped pastures.

It could hardly be accounted idle strolling, and the Squire was not so young as he had been. He let down the lower bars, bent his stiff back to go under, and stopped conscientiously to put them up before he went on. The stubble was bleached by the weather, and half hidden under a rampant growth of weeds, but it crushed pleasantly under foot, and there was a warm, aromatic smell from the grayish-green bunches of pennyroyal scattered through it. Grasshoppers rose in short flights, and settled to rise again, in a continually repeated bravado, all the way from the bars to the wall that bounded the pasture beyond, one big fellow skimming over with a crackling sound, as if snapping his fingers, or toes, at the Squire's slow clambering.

The Squire stopped to loosen the buckle of his stock a little; he was getting a trifle asthmatic. But every step from the road was a step toward youth. The boy, frozen up, grown over, mummified somewhere within him, began to revive. The song of a little brown bird, perched on a tall hickory-tree under which some cows were lying, somehow took him back to the days when he waited at the bars for the cows to come through, and a bird—it must have been that very same bird—sang just so, a little dingy spot against the yellow sunset. It was not a memory of something past—at that moment he was there again, barefooted, hungry, and impatient, hearing the very clatter of the bars as the cows stumbled clumsily over them.

He came into the meadow and turned a little out of his way to gather a bunch of spearmint by the brook that only kept here and there a shallow pool of water in the deepest places, and was a moist green path the rest of the way. A tall spike of cardinal-flower, into whose scarlet hood the bees were gossiping, went down unheeded under the ruthless tread of his foot. There was a fine but clear distinction between the gathering of flowers and of spearmint. Mint and dill and fennel and lavender were Sunday herbs. Their fragrance had the very odor of sanctity associated with the warm, still atmosphere of church—the flies wheeling in endless circles, and the wasps crawling on the staring windows. He went on, smelling and biting at the leaves, until, remembering his errand, he began to sing Windham, as a suitable way of relieving his exuberant spirits.

No doubt he was thinking,

Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower—

but what he said was,

Te—um, te, ti, to—tum,
Te—i, te, to, te—ti,

and so on, with a strongly marked measure which showed the advantage of his method over the use of rugged syllables which must be hummed at the expense of melody.

The appropriateness of the tune lay in the fact that he was on his way to draw up a will for a dying man—a man who could hardly have been expected to put anybody to that trouble, since he had lived for ten years at the poor-house, and belonged to a class of people who usually manage to die without such luxuries as wills.

But if a man has all his life suffered deprivations, should he not at the last have his heart's desire? Some pagan nations grant their condemned criminals that grace. Alexander Fergurson, whose experience, so far as known, had been quite barren of delights, longed neither for brave attire nor sumptuous viands to fortify him for his last journey: he wanted a will; and a will the poormaster declared he should have, drawn up with all the fine-spun, double-and-twisted, wear-resisting formalities which would suffice for conveying the estate of a millionaire.

The poormaster was a wag in his way, though half his drollery was the result of a burn which had drawn his mouth into an odd pucker and closed one eye in a wink of perpetual shrewdness. While the Squire was making his slow progress across the fields, the poormaster sat on the back stoop with his chair tilted against the house, not whittling, out of deference to the day, but opening and shutting the big blade of his jackknife with his horny thumb in a way that would have sent shivers down a sensitive spine.

Fortunately, there was nothing to be annoyed except a discouraged-looking hen, clucking pettishly about the steps, as if vexed at her own indiscretion which forced her to provide for a young family at this unseasonable time of year. Presently, with a warning "crawk," the hen scurried away with her brood, and a round-shouldered, short-legged dog trotted demurely to the water-logged trough, over whose side a slender stream was spilling, and lapped eagerly at the little pool it made among the chickweed and plantain.

"There's the Square," said the poormaster, shutting his knife with a sharp click, and giving himself a shake to settle his blue-jean trousers. "I swan, ef he hain't come 'cross lots!"

The great man was making his approach by the humble

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way of the barnyard, into which the cow-path had led him, and the poormaster considerately opened the gate and thrust out his hand with a hearty "How air ye, Square?"

The Squire, who was puffing a little, gave a short nod, shifting his cane to his left hand that he might properly return the greeting.

"Afternoon, Jason; folks all well?"

"Wa'al, we air an' we ain't," retorted Jason, deliberately. "Mother 'n' me are tol'ble, but we've hed a sight of sickness 'mongst the town-folks this year; cuts c'nsid'able deep into the profits time you pay fer physickin' 'em all round—then there's Sandy—take a seat, Square."

"'Bleeged to ye," said the Squire, taking the chair which the poormaster had vacated, while his host made room for himself on a bench by shoving a stack of milk-pans perilously near the end. The Squire took off his high-crowned straw hat and placed it carefully on the floor between his feet, giving a glimpse of some folded papers as he removed from its depths a bandanna of snuffy red. Having wiped his face and returned the handkerchief to its receptacle, he turned slightly towards Jason and placed himself in an attitude of attention. He was short and thick-set, without being corpulent. His bullet head was planted close upon his shoulders; his thin, grizzled hair fell nearly to his small, keen eyes; his mouth shut in a close, straight line, and from each corner a yellow stain of tobacco-juice lay between two strongly marked wrinkles. The dog was so exact a counterpart of his master as to seem an intentional caricature, even to the rusty black coat, rounded shoulders, and wheezy respiration; and when the Squire spread his shriveled hands upon his knees, the dog beside him assumed the same attitude, only, as no one offered him a chair, he was forced to rest his hands upon the floor.

The ludicrous resemblance was not lost upon Jason Hicks. His odd eyes twinkled, his puckered mouth relaxed upon one side, and he gave himself an uneasy hitch upon the bench which made the milk-pans clash like cymbals.

Instantly came the sound of rapid steps, and a vigorous "Shoo, there!" gave the poormaster a fortunate pretext for the laughter which convulsed him.

"'Tain't hens this time, Sally," he chuckled; "'s me."

"I'd sooner have hens roostin' on my milk-pans 's a goose," retorted Sally, coming to the window.

Her sudden silence at sight of the Squire was a source of fresh merriment to her husband, who managed to say:

"C'm' out, mother. Square Weaver was jest askin' 'bout Sandy. I guess you're best posted of anybody."

The Squire greeted Sally Hicks with as much courtesy as if she had been the first lady in the land; but his views of women were strictly Pauline, as he and the theologians of his day interpreted Paul. Unfortunately, it was not in his power to prevent women from having opinions, or from occasionally expressing them—his own wife had shown him his limitations in that direction; but as for compromising himself by *asking* a woman's opinion, or going to her for information that might be had elsewhere, he was not the man to commit such a blunder. After politely offering his chair to Mrs. Hicks, he as politely declined her invitation to come into the keeping-room.

"I'll have a little conversation with your husband first," he said, significantly, and Sally retired, tying her apron afresh in a way that Jason, who knew every maneuver of her signal service, understood as boding no good to the Squire.

"Now, Jason," said the Squire, returning to his attitude of attention. The poormaster crossed one leg over the other, and stroked the indigo-colored patch on the whity-blue knee of his trousers in a meditative fashion.

"Ye see, Square, I've come to be reely 'tached to the town poor. When I put in my bid, I cal'lated I c'd 'ford to take 'em cheaper'n some, seein' 's I wa'n't beholden to 't fur a livin', an' only two of us anyhow, an' I bid low—dollar 'n' ninepunce a head less 'n Sam Lawson kept 'em fur—'n' I didn't cal'late to starve 'em nuther. But I tell ye what, I've been put to 't to fetch things out even some years, an' ef 't hadn't 'a' been fur Sally I'd 'a' throwed up the job, sure's y' live."

He paused and looked inquiringly at the Squire, but, getting no response, went on slowly in a tone of mild argument.

"Y' see, Square, the town-folks is natterally aggervatin'—kinder odds an' ends 't don't reely fit nowheres, an' chock full of cranky notions. You kin put 'em down, an' sometimes you gotter do it, but thar's lots of satisfaction in humorin' of 'em—poor unfort'nit' critters, some on 'em without good sense, jes' trotted roun' from pillar to pos', an' bid off to the man that 'd keep 'em cheapest an' make it up by scrimpin' their vittles, an' overworkin'—'peared to Sally 'n' me they come as nigh bein' neighbors as any heathen y' c'd fetch on—an' Sally, she says—"

The Squire shifted his feet, and straightened up to look at his watch. He thoroughly respected this honest, soft-hearted man, who for a dozen years had been caring for a lot of incapable creatures as if they had been his own kindred. He knew very well that Mrs. Hicks made a great part of their clothing with her own hands, that she nursed the sick, taught the children, and inculcated a wholesome morality among those whose sins had been looked upon, even in that Puritan community, as a necessary feature of their misfortunes. But he objected to having his time wasted in listening to the praises of a woman who ought to have been satisfied to occupy her life with good works, and let her husband have the credit. He drew a paper from his hat, unfolded it, spread it upon his knee, and took out his spectacles.

"This Alexander Fergurson, I see by the list—"

"Yes, Square, I was jes' comin' to Sandy. It was one the wust years when he come roun'; time old Nancy fell down sullar, an' Pete Renol's hed the fever. Wa'n't born here, ye know, but lived here an' hereabouts the heft of his life, an' c'm' up to see us 'count of old acquaintence when we was boys. He hadn' heerd we kep' the town poor, but when he reely sensed it, he set a spell an' then says he, 'Wa'al, Jase, I never cal'lated to c'm' on the town, but I guess this is the only tahvern where I kin put up.'

"Tell ye what, Square, it cut me the wust way to see him lookin' so kinder used up, un' says I, 'Sandy, I cahn't take y' in as town poor without a permit from the s'lec'men, but nobody but Sally's got the say 'bout my fahm'ly, an' yer more'n welcome to stop with us.' Sally she said the same, an' so he kinder stayed on. Picked up a good deal, too, with Sally's nussin', an' bitters, an' cough-mixters; but he's done for now, I guess—"

"You spoke about a will; if he has property, he may be able to repay in some measure."

The poormaster indulged in another chuckle, and, by a dextrous grab, barely saved the milk-pan that was dancing on the apex of the pyramid.

"That's th' funniest thing about it, Square; fact, it's th' only funny thing, fer I swan I'm as sorry to see Sandy go's if he was my own brother, 'n' so's Sally. But he was at the old doctor, las' time he was up, to know how long he was like to hold out, an' when the doctor owned he was li'ble to drop off any day, he was bound an' possessed to hev a will drawed up. I says, says I, 'Sandy, I'll write down whatever you say,' but nothin' would do but he must hev the reg'lar thing. So, jes' to pacify him, I told ef he'd hold out tell Sat'day, I'd hev the Square up, an' draw him up a will that'd hold till the day o' judgmint, ef it cost me five dollars. He was dretful cut up about your bein' out of town."

The Squire's sallow face turned copper-color with the suspicion that he had been called to assist in gratifying the whim of a pauper.

"If his mind is impaired," he said, rising, "a will would not be legal."

"Shoh, Square," said Jason, "what odds does it make, s'long's he ain't worth a continental? It'll kinder ease him off, an' cahn't do no hurt, 's I see of, poor creetur!"

"I will see him," said the Squire, with as much dignity as he was capable of assuming, "but I shall not be a party to a farce for the sake of gratifying him."

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The Spectator

through the windows was as enchanting as it was rare—from the presence of the sunlight—and the Spectator had lingered in one of the rooms, a good deal more interested in the picture without than in the rehearsal of the splendors within as perfunctorily enumerated by the attendant. From that particular window he had a glimpse of William Penn's old house, and also of Stoke Pogis, the supposed original of the churchyard immortalized in Gray's "Elegy." He was wondering, in a vague sort of way, what impression, if any, they made upon her Majesty's mind; whether the Queen ever "reflected" upon the stout old Quaker's contribution to the new Republican Empire over the sea, or upon the fleeting character of human greatness, as she looked through this same window through which he was looking upon what to her must be commonplaces of a familiar scene.

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But the attendant, whose duty it was to keep the party together in passing from room to room, soon missed him and hastened back after him. As he joined the others in a short hallway just before the state banqueting-room is reached, he heard another attendant say something in an aside to one person about this being the place where "that leak was." Determined not to miss anything which was evidently not on the official programme —for what was on that programme he cared much less—the Spectator boldly questioned the attendant regarding the "leak." It proved to be the famous "leak" at the time the Kaiser was paying his royal grandmother a visit, and was honored with a grand banquet in the room just beyond. The Spectator remembered well the details of the affair as they were cabled to some of the sensational papers in America. How the guests, covered with orders and blazing with diamonds, had in a great hurry to gather their robes of state about them and rush—like a crowd at an American fire when a piece of hose bursts—out of the banqueting-hall of Windsor Castle to escape a sudden downpour of water which flooded the apartment. An opportunity like this for the exercise of the small wit of the professional newspaper "funny man" at the expense of royalty is indeed rare, and it seemed as if the paragraphists never would have done with ringing the changes on it. The Spectator was now to learn the simple fact in the case, which was this, as the attendant stated it: Somebody left the water running in the bath-tub just above that hallway. It overflowed, and trickled down the wall, and made a little puddle in the hall, just as the guests for the banquet were assembling. Not one of them, probably, knew anything about it until they read of it in the papers—not in the exaggerated form in which the cable told it, but still in a somewhat exaggerated form—for not a drop of water reached the banqueting-room. The look of fine British contempt for a country where such stories could be published about royal doings, as it overspread the face of the attendant when the Spectator explained to him the American "story" of the leak, was a look worth the trip to Windsor Castle to see. Very naturally, the Spectator stopped moralizing over the Queen to reflect on the possibilities of cable news in the American press when the art of padding trivial and unsubstantiated foreign gossip shall have reached a still more perfect state of development.

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It was during the same trip that the Spectator chanced upon one or two typical examples of the British trait of taking things literally—a trait which is the despair of our own visiting orators, accustomed here at home to travel the post-prandial circuit to the accompaniment of "loud laughter." Any one who has tried in a mild way to attempt a "Depewism" in England can understand how terribly disconcerting that trait is. In the Spectator's party was a lady who had spent the year before in a fruitless search after sufficiently warm weather for her sensitive system. Warm waves had invariably receded before her approach. Florida had had the coldest weather in years, with frost and fires (where there was any place in which to build one), and even the South of France seemed arctic. She explained all this to an English friend, a lady, ending by saying: "I do not see that there is anything left for me to do, if I am ever to hope to be thoroughly warm again, but to take the first steamer for the tropics, land, find the equator, and sit down on it for a good 'toast.'" "But, my dear," broke in the English lady, "how can you do that? The equator, you know, is only an imaginary line!"

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The daughter of this American lady, the victim of ever-pursuing cold, was a very different sort of person. She was full of animation and fun, a typical young American woman. The pet amusement of this young woman was to start discussions with young Englishmen whom the party met. They proved invariably her ready prey. One day, during a walk, the subject under discussion was the inability of Englishmen to understand American humor. The Briton resented this, and claimed that his countrymen were just as quick-witted as their American cousins. While the discussion was at its height, the party passed a signboard at a fork in the road. The American girl stopped to read it, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The Englishman also read it, but not the shadow of a smile disturbed the fixity of his features. "Of course you can't see anything to laugh at," said the American girl, pertly, "for you are an Englishman." He tried very hard, and studied the signboard with knit brows, his obtuseness being evidently quite exasperating to himself. Still no suspicion of the joke dawned upon him. After a few moments of quiet enjoyment of her triumph, Miss America made this offer: "Think it over until to-morrow morning, and then come to me and tell me what you have discovered funny in it." The Englishman agreed. The signboard read something like this, as the Spectator recalls it: "Take the road to the right for Leamington. If you cannot read this sign, apply at the blacksmith's shop for directions." Morning and the Englishman appeared together to greet Miss America. The Englishman was holding his sides with laughter. "It is a jolly stupid sign," was his eager good-morning. "Well, what *is* the joke?" she asked. "Why, don't y' know," he replied: "what if the blacksmith can't read!"

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The Spectator notes with amusement that a prominent English railroad man, Mr. W. M. Acworth, the civil engineer, has thought it worth his while to defend English compartment-cars in an American publication, the "Engineering Magazine." This is indeed a concession to a pretty nearly universal criticism of these cars by American travelers. The gist of Mr. Acworth's contention is that, while Englishmen of different social classes can ride in the same carriage so long as they are strangers, when one chances to know the other by sight, class-prejudice is too strong to permit this. For this reason only two classes of carriages are coming into use on long-distance trains, while on suburban trains at least three classes of carriages must be run, as always. Perhaps this theory may explain what is a mystery to the Spectator as well as to many friends he has questioned about it—why, on long-distance trains, so few precautions are taken to make sure that passengers actually ride in that class-carriage to which their ticket entitles them. It seems, for example, a very easy matter on many roads to buy a second-class ticket and ride first-class until one is near London, where the tickets are taken up. But if the only concern is to keep apart people of a different social class who know each other, this mystery is explained. At any rate, riding in a better carriage than one pays for is by no means uncommon, if English testimony itself is trustworthy. An Englishman told the Spectator with great glee, as evidence that all the "cuteness" was not a monopoly of the Yankees, of a "bagman," or "drummer," whom his firm caught in this most reprehensible trick: when out "on the road" he bought third-class tickets, he charged his firm with the price of second-class tickets, and he actually rode first-class.

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The Home

The Servant of Beauty

Every woman who is inwardly honest acknowledges, at least to herself, that she would be a degree happier if she were beautiful. Beauty, we know, is skin deep, but it takes time to discover that it is the owner's only possession. While waiting to discover its surface character, we give the possessor credit for the whole calendar of virtues. The plain woman has to fight against odds. She gets credit for the virtues she possesses only when time or circumstances reveal them. And then, if, besides lack of beauty, she lacks that cardinal social virtue, tact, she is lost socially, no matter how bright a star she is in the home firmament. Beauty has become almost a necessity at the present day, for several reasons. The percentage of beautiful women is very small as compared with the total number of women. It is an æsthetic necessity that that average should not decrease. There is great danger that it will, for the women who commit suicide, disappear mysteriously, become notorious for any cause, from supposed shoplifting to being arrested for larger crimes and proven guilty, are always beautiful. We have ravishing descriptions in the daily papers of these beautiful creatures. Juries are blinded and judges alter their rulings for the benefit of these misguided or unfortunate daughters of Eve, and even the critical sister who sits at home in untempted righteousness finds her sympathies aroused in behalf of these beautiful beings whose beauty wins for them the supposition of innocence.

"Handsome is that handsome does" is orthodox, but it takes time to prove the ability to do.

At the present rate of development in the science of surgery all women may soon be beautiful. Recently a lady discovered that she had a Roman nose on a distinctively Grecian face. Her family deeply regretted the lack of harmony, and she sympathized with them to such an extent that she consulted a surgeon on the possibility of making a Grecian nose out of her Roman nose. It was a novel proposition, and received scientific attention. In due time it was decided that such an artistic change was possible from the surgical standpoint. The operation was performed, and the lady of the Grecian face with the Roman nose became a Grecian facial harmony. It will not be long, surely, before one can decide as to the changes one wishes in one's face, and the skill of the surgeon will work the magic of the artist, and all women will be beautiful! It is merely a question of harmonious lines wrought by the surgeon's skill! We shall have Roman noses where they harmonize; eyebrows will arch to the right degree; complexions and hair already command the attention of the dermatologist —while we aid science in her efforts toward the beautiful by cultivating our tempers, that the proper lines may be written by time.

The moral value of all this should be appreciated; it represents dissatisfaction with present results, and an effort after the beautiful.

A Recipe

Having seen several valuable household recipes in your paper, I write to ask if any of your correspondents can give me, through your columns, directions for making a boiled or steamed Indian pudding which may be cut in slices when served. S. C. B.

The following recipe for steamed Indian pudding appeared a few months ago in these columns; we think it will meet the wishes of "S. C. B." Some of our readers may have other recipes that they would like to offer:

The Mission of a Daughter

By Anna L. Dawes

The organization of a society for studying the duties of parents would be an utter absurdity if it were not that it discloses such appalling weakness of character, leading the individual to seek support in determining the simplest duties. Likewise a society on the duties of daughters would seem to be necessary, if we are to judge from current literature. When the question can be discussed again and again whether a woman can live her full life as a daughter in her own home, the situation is serious. The family is not only the foundation but the center of society, and when it is made to hold a subordinate place in the social state, necessary but of little honor, we are setting our faces in a dangerous direction.

That the trend of thought among educated women is to feel a certain restriction in confining their powers to the home circle there can be little doubt. "What is all this development worth," they complain, "if we can do nothing with it? A daughter cannot live out her full life in a house controlled by others, arranged on the lines of a different and narrower generation." It is, perhaps, a question what a full life is; and it is certainly an open question whether the family does not furnish the best standpoint for the sociological development of the community. There is also an old-fashioned idea lingering here and there of duty, of the obligation of love—sometimes spelled privilege—and of God-given place in the world. But, setting these things aside, we may consider whether a woman cannot do much for herself and for others in her own home. Certainly the young woman who wishes to be a strong support to her father and a gracious helper to her mother will find life's opportunities for growth and influence increase under her hands, until she cannot fill the great spaces. It is true that such a career must *center* around the life of the father and mother, but that is not saying where its circumference shall be. That may be wide as the universe, and depends entirely upon the young woman herself.

The first and last and chief mission of a daughter may be summed up in these words—the friend of her father and mother. Unlike affection, friendship must be cultivated and cherished, but its worth cannot be measured by human measures. How a young woman can thus be the friend of her parents, enter into their life, and at once enlarge their horizon and her own, is hardly a problem, for the road is very plain. There are three requisites, products of both education and character—community of interest, readiness of adaptation, and eager helpfulness. All are equally required, whether it is the life of the father or mother into which the daughter enters; and she who wishes to fulfill her true mission must enter into both sides of the home. Doubtless the proportion of her interest will differ according to her own individual powers and predilections, but she will fail of a rounded development if she neglects either half of her opportunities. The present danger is double—that out of her desire for an individual career she will neglect her father's interests; and out of a contempt for the household she will despise her mother's life.

But let the girl who wishes better things begin to enter into her father's interests by becoming well informed thereon. A good householder brings forth things new and old, and so a good daughter comprehends the old and

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gests new books and discovers new departures in the world's activity, she who performs the innumerable charitable works required of her mother, and assists by her knowledge and wisdom in the decision of the complicated questions of their management. She attends to the details of housekeeping, and is at the call of her father for any duty or pleasure; she even selects the table-linen, and essays to advise in choosing stock. Does any one think such as these are trifling duties? Let her discover for herself the amount and variety of knowledge, science, skill, experience, acquaintance with the world, executive ability, illustrated and developed by simply this random list of occupations, and she will discover how a daughter may use all her knowledge and ability, and serve the world, in the midst of detailed affairs. And she will discover also once more that, in losing her life in other lives, she has in fact saved it for herself.

In a multitude of other ways is a daughter called upon to serve her day and generation. Nowhere is her field greater than in the social life of the family, and much might be said on this point. Old age and illness make an inexorable draft upon her. That is not religion but selfishness which leaves an aged father or dying mother alone while the daughter departs upon what she is pleased to call "the Lord's errand"—missionary addresses to the contrary notwithstanding. The particulars of a daughter's service in these and many other directions cannot be entered into. It is a unique service, and its rewards are great. But let the daughter never forget that hers is always the post of auxiliary. However truly she may become the real center of the family circle, however much she may lead the household into new interests—always her aim and just ambition—it is as a daughter that she must do it, and along the methods recognized in and characteristic of her parents' household. Few women can make for themselves any larger opportunity.

St. Valentine's Day in Olden Times

By Alice Morse Earle

The observance of St. Valentine's Day is now confined to the sending of valentines by children, and, among vulgar folk, of so-called comic valentines in futile derision. Yet it is a festival which has been honored by poets and observed by lovers for centuries.

In Pepys's Diary we find many allusions to the valentine customs of his day; and it seems that not only sentimental verses but substantial gifts were given as valentines. Pepys gave Martha Batten, one year, "for a Valentine" one pair of embroidered and six pairs of plain white gloves that cost forty shillings. Another year his cousin Turner told him she had drawn him for her valentine; he straightway bought her "a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe strings, and two pairs of jessimy gloves, all coming to about 28s." The expense troubled him (as spending money always did) when he had to lay out five pounds for a valentine for his wife. He shows plainly the customs of the times in his entry on Valentine's Day, 1665:

> This morning comes Dickie Pen to be my wife's Valentine and came to our bedside. By the same token I had him brought to my bedside thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me and would not, so went to his Valentine—a notable stout witty boy.

Again he writes:

> This morning came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it.

Not only boys but men boldly intruded into Madam Pepys's bedchamber, and were "challenged" by her. We find in Sir Thomas Browne's letters, and even in Governor Winthrop's of New England, similar references to "challenging" valentines. Gloves and ribbons were valentine gifts everywhere in Great Britain.

Shakespeare refers in "Hamlet" to the universal belief of his times, that the first unmarried man seen by a maid on St. Valentine's morn would become her husband.

> To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day,
> All in the morn betime,
> And I a maid at your window
> To be your Valentine.

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," speaks of the practice of divining by rosebuds on Valentine's Day. Goldsmith tells us, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," that rustics sent true-lover's knots on that day—a pretty fashion.

The custom of valentine "dealing" prevailed in many English counties. A young woman would write the names of the young men she knew or had a preference for, each on a slip of paper. She then, blindfolded, drew a slip from the hat in which they had been placed, and the name written thereon was held to be her true-love and her possible husband. This very simple and innocent ceremony was severely reprehended by many pious pastors as a "heathenish, lewd, superstitious custom." St. Francis de Sales, we learn from his life, "severely forbade the custom of valentines, and to abolish it changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honour and to imitate"—which must have proved but sorry fun, and of short popularity.

In 1667 Pepys notes the fashion of combining mottoes with the names—such mottoes as "most courteous and most fair," and suggests the "very pretty" use of anagrams.

In Derbyshire a curious custom prevailed of peeping

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through the keyhole on the early morn as a matrimonial divination. If the spying eye chanced to see but a single object at the first glance, the looker would remain unmarried for the ensuing year. If she saw two objects or persons, she was sure to quickly have a lover. If fortune chanced to drive a cock and hen within the range of vision of the keyhole, she was sure of being married ere the year was ended.

As with all old-time holidays, the poorer classes seized on St. Valentine's Day as the opportunity to demand gifts. On many holidays persons of all ranks of life forced unwilling gifts from each other. It is curious that in the one holiday we have still retained in America—Christmas—we have clung to the lowest form of its observance, the exchange of gifts, while as a religious holiday it has lost its significance. In Cambridgeshire and Herefordshire, until recently, little bands of children went from house to house on St. Valentine's morn singing,

> Curl your locks as I do mine,
> Two before and three behind,
> So good-morning, Valentine!

Small gifts of money were thrown out to them. In other counties the children sing,

> Good-morrow, Valentine!
> First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine,
> Please give me a valentine.

In some towns the drawing of lots for a true-love is done on St. Valentine's Eve. Another method of divination is to go to the churchyard at midnight and walk twelve times round the church, repeating without intermission:

> Hemp-seed I sow,
> Hemp-seed I sow;
> He that loves me best
> Come after me, and now.

It is believed that the figure of the lover will then appear and make some sign by which his identity may be discovered.

In New England, twenty years ago, it was the universal custom among little children to send valentines. As soon as it was dusk the valentines were carried clandestinely to the various doors and left with loud rings of the door-bell, or with a succession of violent knocks. "Boughten" valentines of lace-paper or stamped paper with printed mottoes, costing a cent or two apiece, or even the exorbitant sum of five cents, indicated not only much opulence on the part of the sender, but a violent extreme of affection and interest. Cases were known where even such unwonted luxuries as carnelian rings were inclosed with the valentine—a most significant gift. In general, these New England valentines were of home manufacture: sheets of paper, occasionally heart-shaped, with bits of gilt and colored paper, or tiny stamped roses with hearts pasted thereon, and with appropriate though trite inscriptions in the giver's handwriting—

> The rose is red, the violet blue,
> The pink is pretty, and so are you.

> If you love me as I love you,
> No knife shall cut our love in two.

And many other lines of amatory doggerel. Shelley's pretty lines were unknown to us:

> My heart to you is given,
> Oh, do give yours to me;
> We'll lock them up together,
> And throw away the key.

The child who received the largest number of valentines was an assured favorite. At a somewhat earlier date cut-paper valentines of white paper, cut in various significant designs, were very popular in America.

Good St. Valentine! I pray thee give us absolution and forgive us our degenerate and irreverent days when I confess to thee that, to thine honor and in tender memory of thy natal day in this New World in 1894, I saw offered for sale "a large Vallentine and peece of A. 1. Chewing Gum for 1 cent."

The School-Girls' Fund

Last week we made no acknowledgment of the money received for the Friendship Fund of the working-girls of New York. As an evidence of what a little money can do, the following story is told:

About the middle of last August a blind girl was horribly burned in one of the tenement-houses in the famous East Side of New York. The girl's mother was a partial invalid, and this accident compelled the sister, twenty years old, to give up work and become a nurse. No amount of love could supply the knowledge necessary to care for the suffering girl. An appeal was made to two trained nurses, who had gone down to the East Side to live, to call at this home. Only those who have seen what those two young women have become to that family can realize the opportunity that trained nurses among the sick poor have. Last spring the mother of the sick girl went to one of the New York hospitals and had an operation performed, the seriousness of which neither she nor her family knew. In September the old trouble returned; again the mother went to the hospital to see the physician; the truth was not told to her; but to the twenty-year-old girl, who from the middle of August had been up night and day caring for her injured sister, the truth was told. Her mother had cancer, well developed, and there was no help for her but death. Quietly, bravely, she kept her

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secret, because her sick sister must not have anything more to bear than her awful physical suffering. Time has gone on, but the limit of the girl's strength has been reached.

Not far from the sick girl's house was a widow who has a paralyzed mother to support; it has been impossible for her to get work for the last four months. She was willing to do "anything," but the "anything" that would pay wages could not be found.

From the money sent to The Outlook $15 has been taken. The widow goes every day to this home of sorrow, sickness, and pain, and does the housework, so that the young girl may spend these last hours with her mother, and comfort the sister, on whom it is slowly dawning that her mother will never again be about the house, her constant attendant, her companion, her friend. Fifteen dollars has furnished the workingwoman with the surety of rent and food for herself and the paralyzed mother for one month. It has given to an overworked, worn-out, sorrow-stricken girl the opportunity to sit down in quiet beside the bedside of a dying mother, and to be the constant companion of a nervous, suffering, blind sister.

Previously acknowledged	$180 25
C. B. C.	5 00
Priscilla	1 00
H. E. C., Worcester	10 00
F. H. H., Boston	2 00
A Friend, Elmira, N. Y	2 00
In His Name, C. E.	10 00
Total	$210 25

Freda's Winged Valentine

By Mary Reynolds

High on the hilltop two big houses turned their backs on the queer little street below. Yet the five little houses on the queer little street seemed very contented in spite of the snub; and kept their windows especially clean that they might have a bright outlook on the grounds sloping down the hill. I am afraid these lovely lawns were called "back yards," in the queer little street; but the big houses did not seem to mind—perhaps because they did not know. There was no gateway into these grounds from the street below, so they were not open to the public; and yet Senator Brown and Justice MacMillan might have been astonished to hear the inhabitants of the queer little street speak of "our place," in the tones of large property-holders.

Freda Kleim, of No. 3½ Dickens Lane, spent, in imagination, a large part of her time in Senator Brown's home; she felt a genuine thrill of ownership as she watched the trees and flowers from her window, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Why shouldn't she?

When a beautiful thing is where one can enjoy it all the time, what does the question of ownership matter? She would have liked to walk under the trees and sit on the grass in summer; but still, she could always look! A great deal of pleasure can be had from seeing things even if one is not in them; and the spring afternoon of the Senator's garden tea, all Dickens Lane enjoyed the sight from their front windows.

The dresses were so pretty and the music so lovely!

If only Freda Kleim *could* have had some ice-cream handed through the iron railings, because ice-cream was not plentiful in Dickens Lane, and it looked very tempting!

The lawn tea was entirely a grown-up affair, save a little figure in white that was first here and then there and always petted to distraction. All Dickens Lane knew that was the Senator's little granddaughter from Germany; for the newspapers had said a good deal when the Countess von Haupt died, leaving her little Freda, with a great deal of money and a very long title, to her American grandparents. Titles and money could not make her forget the *Heimweh*, or homesickness, as we call it; though Senator and Mrs. Brown thought this dear little foreigner should feel at home with her mother's people. Freda Kleim knew *Heimweh*, too. She knew it in both languages, for the feeling is the same all the wide world over.

But Freda Kleim's German grandparents were with her, and all the dear yellow birdies that were to turn into American silver and greenbacks. A great many of the best singers had been sold, but the house was full of the little soft things that made such sweet music.

At least Freda thought it was sweet, and great was her indignation, one day, at hearing a lady say, as she left the shop with her fingers in her ears, "I should go mad with that frightful noise!"

Noise! How the old people and their little granddaughter discussed that subject in their own tongue, to the great satisfaction of the birdies, whose cheerful notes added to the excitement!

If that fastidious lady had really wanted a bird, the old people would not have sold her one, for, added to her dislike of their singing, she had said to her daughter, "What a pretty trimming he would make for your hat!" pointing out a dear little fluff-ball that was just beginning to try his throat.

One of the great griefs to the whole Kleim family in giving up their birds was the fact that some drooped and pined from neglect, and two, they knew, had died of actual carelessness.

Still, the birds must be sold for a support; so all Freda could do was to help her grandfather in his daily care for their well-being, and every night to pray the good Lord

> To keep my birdies well and warm,
> And safe away from cats and harm—

a prayer that her grandmother had learned from *her* grandmother, for the family had always been noted bird-raisers. Two rooms of the little house were given up to the birds, and they flourished with so much love and comfort.

From the time in the early morning when the first sleepy twitterings were heard, until night came, and the little heads were tucked away, the hours flew by on wings of melody. Sunshine or shade made no difference in such a number; for, should one feel dumpy and depressed, there were sure to be half a dozen more so glad to be alive that they had to speak of it to the world in general.

In this German linnet family all sang; the lady birds had quite as good voices as the males, and even the baby canaries could not wait until they were of a respectable size to try their unsteady little twitters. It was funny to watch the mother and father birds when the little ones felt the first song-movement rise in their throats, and would shake their tiny sides in vain efforts to pour out streams of melody. The older birds would cock their heads knowingly and listen with an air of pride to the feeble little sound, then go off in such a bird-song of joy that the little ones felt doubly encouraged to try again.

One day Mrs. Brown's carriage drove up to the door, and with her was Freda von Haupt, whose blue eyes grew round and big as the other Freda's when all the birds made her welcome at the same time.

But they did not say, "How horrid!" or put their fingers in their ears. Freda laughed and clapped her hands, while Mrs. Brown smilingly said, "I wish, dear, we could try one at a time, and then we would know which one to choose."

"They like you, they like you," chirped Freda Kleim; only she chirped in German, and the other Freda instantly answered, and their little tongues bid fair to outrival the birds'.

The two grandmothers looked at each other almost sadly as they saw the children's perfect enjoyment in their own tongue. Freda Kleim, with eager haste, had already chosen a fine young bird, and while the grandmothers were talking she taught Freda von Haupt her own funny little whistle that acted like a charm on the birds when they felt strange or droopy.

"Birdies have often *Heimweh*," she whispered shyly to Mrs. Brown, as they left the shop.

"You must come and whistle to your bird, and talk German to my Freda," said the old lady. "Can she not come next Tuesday afternoon and see Freda's Christmas-tree?" turning to Mrs. Kleim.

"It will be most kind," answered the latter.

Tuesday afternoon Freda went up to the big house, dressed in her very best frock, and her pig-tails so aston-

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ishingly tight and smooth that they seemed good to last a lifetime.

Freda had no idea of how large and beautiful these front grounds were, and she did not feel at home in them.

But the child was too simple in her mind to think of being shy, even when the tall footman looked down on her in a teasing sort of way. But there was Freda von Haupt running across the hall to meet her and take her up to her own nursery—beautiful enough for a parlor, Freda thought; and hanging in a window full of flowers was her dear bird, happy and contented.

Such an afternoon!

Cake and chocolate at five o'clock; candy from off Freda's beautiful tree, which was relighted for her benefit; and a German edition of Hans Andersen.

It was dark when Freda left in the care of the tall footman, who carried a huge bundle and pretended to be anxious to find out what was in it.

Safe with her grandmother, her tongue ran so fast that she hardly noticed that the bundle was being untied.

But the little tongue stopped short when a doll dressed just like a baby came to view, and with it a package of lovely clothes.

For several days little Freda almost neglected her beloved birds, so absorbed was she in her doll.

But nothing was to Freda like her pets, and in a short time she was her own busy little self, cleaning, feeding, and watching over them, or "helping grandfather," as she was too small to do anything but what he gave her to do. So winter and spring wore away. Summer came, and the Browns closed their house and went away to the mountains. Before leaving, Mrs. Brown sent Freda's canary home for care during the summer, and told little Freda to go every day and play in the grounds. That was the most beautiful summer of Freda's life in America. Grandmother would sit knitting under the trees, just as she had done at home, and Freda played happily with her doll on the soft green grass.

Winter came, but with it the terrible grippe.

It went to the big houses on the hill, and stayed a long time in the queer little houses in Dickens Lane; so long that when Grandfather and Grandmother Kleim crawled about to do their work they did not notice how feeble they were, and how cold the weather had grown, and were soon very ill with pneumonia. Christmas was sad that year. Kind neighbors came to help nurse and feed the birds; all sorts of messages and good things came from the Browns; but little Freda von Haupt lay ill with diphtheria, and her grandmother was too busy to realize how sad was the case in 3½ Dickens Lane. When the new year began, Grandfather and Grandmother Kleim had passed away, the birds were all sold to pay expenses, and poor little Freda was tucked in a little white bed of the Child's Hospital.

For some days the kind nurses and doctors fought hard for the little girl's life, and won the battle.

Time went on, and she seemed no stronger; just a sad, listless little figure in the white bed.

All the other children laughed at the doctor's fun, grew cross sometimes, or enjoyed the things sent them; but Freda lay curled in a pathetic little bunch, and seemed to take no interest in what went on around her. She never fussed nor complained—only said, in a meek little way, "No, thank you, ma'am," and curled her head down in the shoulder of any one who petted her.

One day in February Mrs. Brown came to the hospital to see about the poor little stranger.

Freda roused up a little bit to hear about the other Freda's illness.

"And the birdie?" she asked.

"Well; and sings better than ever. You must hurry and grow strong, so you can see him," said the old lady, as she kissed the little white face, and thought how she could interest her own Freda in making plans for this little waif.

The thirteenth of February, Freda von Haupt curled herself in a big chair and looked discontentedly out of the window.

Such a rainy, slushy afternoon, and she had wanted to drive with Grandma to the old woman who had little Skye terriers for sale!

She smiled a little as she fancied how Freda Kleim would laugh when a cold little nose poked itself in her face.

It must be dreadful, she thought, to be ill among strangers, instead of with one's own grandmother, and to see rows of little white beds, each with a sick child in it, instead of lovely papers and pictures on the walls, and all kinds of familiar furniture.

At least little Freda Kleim was warm and comfortable, and not in a damp cellar, like Maggie, the Match-Girl, in the Sunday-school stories.

Freda von Haupt loved comfort, and she began to feel drowsy, and think how well off she was in her pretty room with her dear canary to answer her, and not one thing to do that she did not want to.

Just then the bird began a twilight song of his own, and she wished Freda Kleim could hear him, and that she could find one of those birds for sale.

The song grew almost sad as the room darkened, and presently fell into two quick notes that seemed to her to be *Heim-weh;* for to both Fredas the canary sang in German.

A little later Mrs. Brown came in, to find her darling in tears.

"What is it, my angel?" she cried. "Grandma will never leave you again."

But the angel sobbed away in a very uncelestial fashion, and Grandma soothed and petted and told about the dear little dog.

Freda cried all the harder whenever the dog was mentioned.

"She wants him herself," thought Mrs. Brown, trying to see how she could get another for Freda Kleim by the next morning.

"Do *you* want the little dog, dear?" she asked.

Freda said "No, no," and sobbed herself to sleep, utterly worn out.

They let her sleep on for an hour or two, then roused her to go to bed. She raised her head and looked at her grandmother.

"Granny," she said, "it is not the little dog Freda will want, it is a canary."

"Yes, my child, but there is not one for her."

"There is mine."

Mrs. Brown gasped. "Why, you want it yourself!"

Freda's eyes filled with tears as she said, very softly, "I know, Granny dear, I want him very, very much, but I have everything and Freda has nothing. Please send him to-morrow for a valentine, and don't talk to me, I am so tired."

The next morning Sister Dora came into the ward with a great big bundle in her arms. "A valentine for Freda Kleim," she said brightly, while little heads bobbed up on all sides.

"Asleep, Freda?" asked Sister Dora, as she brought the bundle near and began to take off the outside wrapping. From within the bundle came a funny, indignant little chirp.

Pulling off the flannel coverings, out came a little gilt cage, and inside a very much ruffled little ball of feathers.

Freda raised on her elbow, her eyes shining with excitement; no one spoke, but all watched her curiously.

Presently the much-offended birdie shook himself and began to talk a little about his trip.

"Mein Gott!" said Freda, "it is one of ours;" then very feebly she gave the familiar whistle.

How he cocked his head, undecided whether to go on talking or sing a song!

But before long he burst out into such a song that Freda sank back, too tired to move. It was a happy tired, though, and that is soon rested.

All day she listened and looked, smiling every time any one admired the bird.

At night they put the cage near her, and two or three times the watching Sister saw a little hand steal out and lift the cover.

Both Fredas grew well and strong. With spring came

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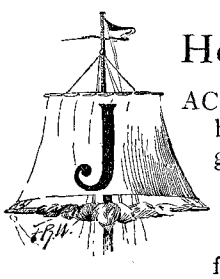
an uncle from Germany to take Freda Kleim back home with him, to a house full of birds, in her own country. The canary went back to Freda von Haupt—who would never own how much she had missed him; but he never sang *Heimweh* again. She grew to forget the feeling, only remembering it when she saw some poor stranger in a strange land, and thought how she could help him. Two or three years have passed since then, but in the memory of both Fredas lives the little yellow valentine who sang away the *Heimweh*.

For the Little Folks

How Jack Sailed



JACK was wild with delight when, on his birthday, the seventeenth of January, he got a yacht. It had been the one wish of his heart for months. Now he would have a lovely time; he would sail his boat all day. He lived miles from any body of water, so the bath-tub had to be his lake and river. He made wonderful journeys, going through the Red Sea to London, and through the Gulf of Mexico to New York. The last geography-lesson of his brother Willie, which Jack heard him recite to his mother, always furnished Jack with the names of the places for his voyages in the bath-tub. He got places strangely mixed. He crossed the Bay of Fundy, the moment when the tide was rushing in, to Brooklyn, and sailed to Chicago across the Atlantic Ocean. You see, in a bath-tub you can make geography to suit yourself.

Jack never was so happy as when he had on his yachting suit. When his mamma told him that they were going to Florida, where it was warm, and where there was a river on which he could sail his yacht, Jack could hardly wait for the time to come.

It did not seem much like a river and sailing yachts when Jack saw the parlor-car, and he grew very tired when the next day passed and night fell again and he was still in the cars. But when he woke the next morning he was in Florida. Here he is, sitting on a dock not far from the hotel, but the water is five feet below him.

"Hello, Jack!" called his papa. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, papa, I cannot reach the water. I"—here he began to cry.

But two big, strong arms picked him up, and before he knew it he found himself in a big rowboat, with the yacht following gayly behind, bobbing and bowing. Now ahead of the boat, now behind, as the wind blew and his papa rowed. Jack found a shelving beach in a day or two, and rubber boots and a long, strong cord made it possible for the yacht to take quite long voyages. Hong Kong was unfamiliarly near Staten Island, while Florida and Hawaii were near neighbors. The yacht carried strange cargoes as well as sailed strange voyages, but Jack was happy.

The Horse that Danced

He was a beautiful horse, a big bay with a long tail and mane. The Colonel was determined to own him, and persuaded the owner to sell. Soon after buying him, the Colonel was leading his regiment to battle. The cannon were exploding, the bullets were whizzing on all sides. In the center of the field across which the Colonel was riding was a stump, round and smooth on top. The horse, in spite of every effort of his rider, went up to this stump, and placed his fore feet upon it, and danced round it in a circle. He could not be made to move any other way. Round and round the stump went the horse, with the Colonel on his back; the faster the explosions of the cannon followed, the faster went the horse, until he was too tired to move. It was found out afterward that the horse had been a special attraction in a circus, and this dancing round a stump to the firing of cannon was his star act.

The Stranger

It was Christmas morning when I saw him first. He was a beauty; you would have turned more than once to look at him if you had seen him. His coat was of satin finish, so glossy and smooth; his tail curled over his back like a beautiful long feather, and waved a friendly good-morning; while his ears, straight and alert, were ready to respond to every call. A great many dogs pass my windows, for my neighbors for blocks are the loving owners of dogs, and nearly all are beautiful dogs of different breeds; but none appeared to me as handsome as this new dog, who was, I am sure, a Christmas present to somebody. I stood by the window for some time waiting to see the fortunate owner of this beautiful dog, but no one appeared to own him. Every day, at some time of the day, he trotted around the corner, and was always alone.

It was not long before I noticed a change. His tail was just as friendly, but it was not as curly nor beautiful. His ears had a most discouraged droop, and his coat had lost some of its gloss, and was roughened; at length it was really dirty. My clean, beautiful, noble-looking dog friend is fast becoming just an ordinary, common street dog, because some one did not give him a bath, or make it possible for him to take one.

Saved by Sawdust

Sawdust will stop a leak in a boat. A party last summer on one of the Adirondack lakes discovered their boat was leaking; the guide went to a mill, got a lot of sawdust, and put it on the water on either side of the boat. The boat was then loaded, and the sawdust, carried by the suction of the water into the seams of the boat, filled them up and stopped the leaks. Paper cut into narrow strips and pushed into the seams with a very fine point of wood or iron is also a good temporary calking.

He Obeyed

Of course he must have been a stupid boy, but he certainly understood obedience. He had been sent on an errand, and told he would have to bring something back with him. He gave the note to the man who was to receive it. The man read the note, and left the room to get the halter for which it asked, saying as he left, "Take a chair." The boy took the chair, and carried it to his home, three miles away!

Some Bees

How the hum of a bee will make us jump and run! Yet we need not be disturbed, for not all bees can sting; some bees are perfectly harmless. But if they are harmless, they are not as useful, for it has been discovered that the honey of the stingless bee is not as sweet or as wholesome as that of the stinging bee.

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Sunday Afternoon

One by One [1]

By Lyman Abbott

Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you: and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion.—Jeremiah iii., 14.

The revelation of God to man is a progressive revelation, because it cannot be anything else. A revelation depends upon the power of the person revealing to give, and equally upon the power of the person receiving to receive. You cannot give to your little child any more than your little child is able to take, no matter how wise you are. So God could not, if he would, reveal the whole truth concerning himself to the human race at the outset—not because he was unable to impart, but because the human race was unable to accept. He is revealed in sacred history gradually and as mankind could take what he was ready to give. The revelation of God in human history has therefore been a gradual and a progressive revelation. The wise men of all nations have always believed in one God. They believed in one God in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in India. But there was one nation in which the wise men were wise enough to believe that the common people should also be taught that there is one God; and so, while in all the surrounding nations the doctrine of the unity of God was an esoteric doctrine—that is, a doctrine reserved for the few—in the Hebrew nation the prophets took this interior and secret doctrine, and, by many a trope and figure, and by many a direct affirmation, gave it to the common people. Their first message was, You ought to know what only the philosophers and the wise men of other nations know—that there is one God. And thence they went on to learn and to teach that this God is a righteous God. The gods of the nations about were either unmoral or immoral; but the doctrine of the prophets of the Old Testament was, God is a righteous God, deals righteously, expects righteousness. The notion of what constituted righteousness was low and poor in the earlier stages of Jewish history. The people did not understand what righteousness is. But according to their standard of righteousness they were taught to believe that God is a righteous God. Connected with that was the teaching that God stands in relation, not to the whole human race, for that was too large a doctrine for them to accept at first, but in special relation to the Jewish race; and then, that he did stand in relation to the other people also, but in the relation to the other people of a Judge, and in the relation to the Jewish people of a Father. And so grew up, in the earlier period of Jewish history, the notion that God had chosen one nation, and was dealing with that nation—guiding, guarding, inspiring, redeeming it. The nations which had forgotten God, he would, in the words of one of the prophets, turn into hell—that is, into death, finally to be destroyed; this one nation he had selected to save. And so, when they prayed, they prayed to the God of Israel, and when they trusted, they trusted in the God of Israel—a God that would care for their nation, and redeem and save their nation, a God that dealt with the nation as a nation collectively. So, when Solomon came to dedicate the Temple in that wonderful dedicatory prayer, you will see that his prayer was throughout a prayer to a God of the nation and a God who was going to deal with the nation. I read only an extract:

If they sin against thee (for there is no man that sinneth not), and thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives unto the land of the enemy, far or near; yet if they shall bethink themselves in the land whither they were carried captives, and repent, and make supplication unto thee in the land of them that carried them captive, saying, We have sinned, and have done perversely, we have committed wickedness; and so return unto thee with all their heart, and with all their soul, in the land of their enemies which led them away captive, and pray unto thee toward their land which thou gavest unto their fathers, the city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name: then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling-place, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people that have sinned against thee, and all their transgressions wherein they have transgressed against thee, and give them compassion before them who carried them captive, that they may have compassion on them: for they be thy people, and thine inheritance, which thou broughtest forth out of Egypt, from the midst of the furnace of iron: that thine eyes may be open unto the supplication of thy servant, and unto the supplication of thy people Israel, to hearken unto them in all that they call for unto thee. For thou didst separate them from among all the people of the earth, to be thine inheritance, as thou spakest by the hand of Moses thy servant, when thou broughtest our fathers out of Egypt, O Lord God.

The sin was regarded as a national sin, the prayer was to a God that would save the nation, and the salvation was to be a salvation for the nation carried into captivity—the people as a people.

Time passes on. This nation sins more and more, and the prophets see the gathering clouds—gathering for its destruction. They see the Assyrians and the Chaldeans on the north and east gathering against the nation, and they begin to say, Although you are God's chosen people, God will punish you and carry you away captive; but still Israel is God's nation, and God will save Israel; though he carries you away captive, he will so discipline you that he will bring you back as a nation, and as a nation you shall be saved and redeemed. And still the message of the prophets is a message to the nation, and concerning God as dealing with the nation. I read a few verses from the first Isaiah, who prophesied before the Exile:

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth. The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim. But they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the west; they shall spoil them of the east together: they shall lay their hand upon Edom and Moab; and the children of Ammon shall obey them.

The nation as a nation was to be brought back to become the conqueror and master of the other nations.

Time went on another hundred years or so, and the prophesied disaster drew near, and Jeremiah came, and he brought another message. He said, No, this nation is not to be saved; but God will gather out of the nation here one and there another; he is married to the nation, but the nation as a nation he has given up as hopeless; nevertheless he will take one out of a city, and two out of a family, and will bring them to Zion; he will deal with them one by one. After the Captivity had taken place, and the second Isaiah came upon the stage, his prophecy went still further. He said: God will take one here and one there, and will bring them back into the land, and then he will take one here and one there from the pagan nations, and so build up a new people out of the individuals gathered out of all the nations. When Christ came upon the earth, he met the old impression that Israel was to be treated as a nation, and it almost seems at first as though he shared that hope; but his later message was, God will take away the kingdom from Israel; the stone the builders rejected will fall on the nation and grind it to powder; God will take away the kingdom from Israel, he will give it to a new people that will bring forth the fruits thereof; this people he will gather one at a time from all the world, gathering them into the one great Israel of God.

Thus I have brought before you the topic on which I wish to speak this morning. It is a very simple one. It is that God deals with us as individuals. It is that God comes into the United States, into Brooklyn, into this congregation, to you personally, and says, I will take here one and there one; I will deal with you one by one. He is not primarily dealing with the nation as a nation, not primarily dealing with the Church as a Church; he is dealing with each soul by itself.

In the first place, then, God as a creator and ruler over

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, January 21, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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nature deals in individual ways. The old pagan philosophy believed that there was one perfect God, and that from him emanated a lot of little and imperfect gods, and these imperfect gods made the world and ruled over its phenomena, and therefore the phenomena were imperfect. Modern theology has come sometimes perilously near this doctrine, for it has represented God as a Great First Cause, and secondary causes as emanating from this Great First Cause, and these secondary causes, not God himself, as the authors of phenomena. And the study of science, which has been a study of what men call secondary causes, has tended to confirm this impression that the products of nature are the products of laws and forces, and not the products of God himself. Now, the Hebrews were not philosophers, but the Hebrew thought was expressed in that One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm which I have read this morning—God present everywhere, God present in all his works. And we are coming in these later times more and more to see the divine truth that underlay that Hebrew thought, expressed then in poetic forms, but now in philosophic forms—what is called the divine immanence—God so present in everything that all God's works are the expression of a personal God, found in them and working through them. Mr. Ruskin has called attention with great eloquence and forcefulness to the difference between the old-time workman and the new-time workman. The old-time workman worked individually, himself carved the whole piece, whatever it was, and so put himself into that carving; it was the product of his hand not only, but of his brain and his heart, and was the manifestation of himself. The modern industrial products are the products of machinery. They are multiplied and cheapened, but they are no longer individual. Now, men think of God as one who puts a great machinery in operation, and that works out the product. But not so does the Bible represent him, and not so does modern philosophy represent him. God is not a First Great Cause. He is the perpetual, eternal, everlasting, and only Cause, the Cause that lies beneath all phenomena, so that every product of nature is a new and different manifestation of a God who is in every phenomena. This is the reason for the infinite variation in phenomena. God never makes two sunsets alike; he never carves two roses alike. Your machinery repeats the same thing over and over again; God does not. He never made two faces alike; never made two blades of grass alike; never made two song-birds alike; nothing that ever came from God's hand was exactly the repetition of anything else that ever came from God's hand.

As in nature, so in his dealings with humanity. He gives to each individual in the Church and each citizen in the nation his personal work. He calls men one by one to do the work he has for them to do. If Brooklyn is redeemed from misgovernment, it is because you, and you, and you have been redeemed from indifference, and have taken hold with courage to make a better city. If a church is a working, active church, it is not because the church is a working church, it is because the members, one by one, are working members of that church. No man in the church may sit back in his pew and say, Thank God, I belong to a working church, and then go home and let the rest of them do the work. God comes to each one of you, and to each one he says, I have something for you to do. He calls Peter to preach, Matthew to write, James to administer, Paul to go as a missionary; he does not call Paul to write a gospel, or Matthew to go as a missionary. He calls each one of you to do your own personal work in the world. I do not know what it is, but you can find out. Humanity is not like a great army that is marching along in serried rank, and if one man drops out another man can take his place; nor like a factory in which a thousand men are working, and if one drops out some one else can come in and carry on his work. It is individual and personal work, and God comes to you, and you, and you—I almost wish I could call your names—and says to you, I have something for you to do, and if you do not do it it will be left undone; there will be one vacancy, one citizen left out of the assembly, one blank space in the page. No man can do your work but yourself. He has made you for it, he calls you to it. You are not to do some one else's work; you are to do your own; you are to be content with your own; you are called to your own, and you are to find out what it is and do it.

So he deals with each individual in all the discipline of life. Men are not like a lot of castings thrown together in a great cylinder to be rubbed against one another until by and by they come out polished. All God's work in the world is hand-made. We are not large enough to do our work individually, but if we are wise we do so as far as we can. I preach to fifteen hundred people in this church, but I will tell you what I would rather do: I would a great deal rather sit down in that parlor over there and have you come to me one at a time and tell me your sorrows, your experiences, your doubts, your difficulties, and allow me to talk with you individually. I tried to figure up this morning how long it would take, and I think it would take a month and a half or two months for me to talk to each individual, if I spent eight hours a day in conversation. I cannot do it. I wish I could. The teacher who has eighty or one hundred pupils in class, if she is a machine teacher, treats them all alike, runs them into one mold, gives them all one instruction, administers to them all one punishment, subjects them to one law. If she is a wise teacher, she studies them individually as far as she can, considers what each individual needs, and deals with them one by one. If she is a mother, she does it whether she can or not. James is saturnine, and John is imaginative, and Mary is slow, and Anne is quick, and the mother does not rule them all in the same way, nor make the same law for them all, nor send them all to bed at the same hour, nor give them the same food, nor submit them to the same instruction; she knows what each one needs, and works with each one according to each one's necessity. Now, God is your Father; he knows your name, he understands your needs, he knows what kind of discipline and education you want, and he gives it to you. He deals with us one by one in all the discipline of life. He never sends a tear, a heartache, a failure, what men call a disaster, except as he sees the need for it. He knows what each soul wants, and to each one he adjusts the medicine according to the necessity. Prove it! Oh, no! it is not the business of a minister to prove things. I am an interpreter. I take the revelations and disclosures that I find in the old prophets, and most of all in Christ, and tell you what they said. I do not prove; I interpret.

So, in all the administration of his love, God deals with you one by one. We discuss the question of indiscriminate charity. The phrase is a contradiction in terms. Charity is discrimination. Love cannot be undiscriminating. God does not give his benefits by wholesale. God does not sound a trumpet when he does his alms, to gather the people to receive them. In all his benefactions he deals with one at a time. My God shall supply all your needs—that is Paul's declaration. Special providences! There are no other. All providences are special. God does not throw men out to the influence of certain great generic laws and then interfere to help them on special occasions. God's loving-kindness and tender mercies are over all his works. Every life is guided and directed by the hand of an Infinite Love, if we only will allow it to guide. There are fifteen hundred doors to Plymouth Church this morning. God's Spirit cannot go into Plymouth Church except as it enters those doors, and only into Plymouth Church as it enters into all those doors. He may come into your heart, and the heart next may be shut against him. He comes and knocks at the door of the individual heart, and there is no way of bringing him into a great congregation except as he comes to it one by one. He stands here to-day and he says, not, I will take this great congregation and sweep them up into the heaven; he says, I will take one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring them to Zion.

And so, in all the ministry of his personal love, God deals with us one by one. He loves you; not the human race as a race—you; and when sorrow and trouble come into

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your life, they come into his heart, because you are his child. We are trying in Plymouth Church, you know, to carry a little cheer to the families of the poor in our parish. It has been a great joy to me that my invitation, extended two or three weeks ago, has been so generously responded to, and now there are at least fifteen or twenty men and women—chiefly women, of course—who are going through this parish and carrying words of comfort to the homes of the poor. They are doing it one by one. I wish I could make you feel—I wish I could make myself realize—that God is a "friendly visitor;" that he comes to us one by one, bringing the message and ministry of his cheer and his life and his love. And, on the other hand, he wants us one by one. The home is like a cathedral, with the niches all around the walls for statues, and the statues there; and when one statue is broken, no father or mother can put another statue in its place: the niche remains vacant. Oh, the vacant places in God's household! Oh, the recreant boys and girls who will not give him their love, whose love he wants! Thousands of thousands love him, and still he is not satisfied, and cannot be satisfied, for he wants your love, and you do not love him. It is not the love of the human race as a race; it is not the love of the Church as a Church; it is not the love of the nation as a nation; it is the love of each individual boy and girl, each individual man and woman; and if you hold back that love, you have left a vacant place in God's heart, and no one else can fill it.

Oh, how I wish I could make you for a moment forget this church, these walls, this congregation, this choir, this preacher, and realize that there are only two beings in the world for you—you and God. He comes to-day and says, I will take one out of a city, and two out of a family; he knocks at your door, he asks to be the guide of your life, he desires to be the discipline and teacher of your soul, he offers you his loving-kindness and his tender mercies, he alone sits next to you. For the moment forget the wife that sits beside you, for the moment forget the friend that is before and behind you, for the moment forget the surroundings, and think only that you and God are alone in the universe. You will be alone with him before long, for when you go through the door of death, which every one of us must go through, you will go through alone; and when you stand before the throne of his judgment, and he sits there to judge you, he who is love and mercy, he who judges you because he is the Son of man and knows all human experiences, he will judge you alone. Now he loves you, as though you were alone, and calls you to work which you alone can do, and would guide and discipline and judge you according to the need which you alone possess. No longer need Moses go up into the mountain-top and bring the message down; there is a mountain-top for each one of us, and each one may climb the height, and each one may stand face to face with Him. May? May? No! must, and does.

The Prayer of Abraham[1]

By Lyman Abbott

We have traced in successive incidents the successive growth of Abraham's faith. First he turns dissatisfied away from the paganism in which he has been brought up, and goes forth, not knowing whither he goes, to find the unknown God whose voice has called him and whom he wishes to worship. To him, reverence, though it be for an unknown God, is more than all earthly comfort, more than love of country and of kin, and he forsakes all to follow the voice which has spoken to him and with him. He builds an altar to this God, and offers sacrifices and enters into covenant with him. God in some way appears to him as Jehovah, the great I Am, greater even than sun or moon or stars. Still he knows God as yet only as a great Being. Now there is made to him, in a curious way, a revelation that God is a just Being. Three messengers come to him as he is sitting at his tent door, and tell him that the Jehovah that he worships will destroy Sodom and Gomorrah because the people that dwell there are exceedingly wicked. In this message he gets, for perhaps the first time, a clear conception of the fact that God has a purer eye than to behold iniquity, that he will not suffer it, and intends to destroy it. The three men pass on and leave Abraham alone, and yet he is not alone, for there is with him the consciousness of Jehovah's presence, and there arises in his own conscience a protest against destroying the innocent with the guilty. If God is going to punish guilt, it must be because he is a just God; but if he is a just God, he will punish justly. So he phrases his protest to the invisible Jehovah with that question which has often come as a question to thoughtful men perplexed by the mystery of life: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In the strange colloquy which ensues, he feels his way to a better knowledge of Jehovah in the successive questions and answers. As a result, he no longer merely believes in a great I Am, but he believes also in a just God and a God who both hears and answers his children. Let us out of this experience construct Abraham's unconscious doctrine of prayer.

1. Prayer was not to him a species of spiritual gymnastics. It was not the mere voicing of reverence or aspiration, and so making clearer and stronger his convictions and desires. This is not an uncommon modern theology of prayer, but it is self-destructive. Let a man once come to believe that there is no God to whom he addresses himself, that his prayers are only the expression of his emotions, and he cannot continue to give expression to them. Such praying is only making believe; and when we awake to the consciousness that we are only making believe, all life departs from our prayer. A prayer that is not addressed to a God who hears is a sham, and a sham cannot permanently nourish the spiritual life.

2. Nor was Abraham's prayer a mere meditation on the goodness and justice of God. It is not like reading a chapter in the "Imitation of Christ." In such meditation there is real and often great value; out of such meditation may spring the experiences of listening to God and hearing what he has to say. But meditation is not prayer. Prayer is speech, audible or inaudible, to God who hears the speech and takes account of it.

3. But, still more than this, Abraham's prayer is not only speech to God but speech with God. God answers him, and Abraham hears the answer. They converse together. I marvel at the discussion of the question whether God hears and answers prayer; I marvel at the endeavor to prove that he answers prayer by extraordinary results obtained by means of praying. I cannot discuss the question whether I can talk with my friend, and I need no outward or visible gift to prove to me that he has heard me when we interchange our thoughts. I touch him and he touches me; and I am not more sure of this respecting my friend than I sometimes am respecting my God. And the soul gets back its answer clear, definite, and decisive. I cannot believe that God is an absent God, harder to get at now that he has revealed himself through Jesus Christ than he was when Abraham talked to him before the tent door. All the privilege and opportunity which was vouchsafed to this patriarch in the long ago is vouchsafed to us, only with a fullness which the patriarch did not know, because based on a revelation of God which the patriarch had never received.

Let the reader test his own experience of prayer by this experience of Abraham, and, if it is inferior throughout, know that he has not yet the fullness of that experience which made Abraham "the friend of God."

QUESTIONS

Describe the scene prior to this interview. How should Abraham know that God was righteous? Is belief in the righteousness of God universal? Is it unrighteous that the innocent should suffer with the guilty? What light does this incident throw on the real value of prayer? What light on intercessory prayer? Compare with other Scriptural intercessory prayers.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for February 18, 1894.—Gen. xviii., 23-33.

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The Religious World

Dr. Huntington on the Unification of American Christianity

The speaker before the Congregational Clerical Union in New York on Monday morning, January 29, was the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., the accomplished rector of Grace Church, New York. He had been invited by the Congregationalists to speak to them on the "Reunion of Christendom." He began by saying that the subject was too large, and he would simply speak concerning the "Unification of American Christianity." He first called attention to the sadly divided condition of the churches in the United States, emphasizing the fact that there is little co-operation between the sects, that there is great waste of men and money, and that the problem of the city, the problem of home missions, the problem of foreign missions, and, most of all, the civic problem, can never be solved until Christians combine their forces and move together against their common enemies. He then considered the different schemes which had been suggested for doing away with the evil of a divided kingdom, and quickly came to a consideration of the Chicago-Lambeth articles, which are briefly these:

The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

The Apostles' Creed as the baptismal symbol, and the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

The two Sacraments ordained by Christ himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with the unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by him.

The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nation and the people called of God into the unity of his Church.

These propositions, Dr. Huntington claimed, are the only ones which have been offered by any religious denomination looking toward Christian union. They are the contribution of American and Anglican Episcopalians. Dr. Huntington then considered each one in order, showed that there is substantial agreement among Christians on all but the last, and then explained that last one as it is generally understood by the members of the communion presenting it. The address was listened to with the deepest interest. Dr. Huntington's manner is gracious and attractive, and the spirit in which he presented his theme won the sympathetic attention of all his hearers.

A Comprehensive Church

A new religious movement seems to have been recently started in Chicago. It has probably more or less relation to the recent Parliament of Religions in that city. It is said to have for its platform two propositions: "All religions are true," and "All religions are false." During the last summer a circular letter was issued, signed by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of the People's Church, Chicago; the Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe, a Universalist minister of Newark, N. J.; Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, a Jewish rabbi; and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a prominent Unitarian of Chicago. The object of this letter was the calling of a Conference to organize what is to be known as a "Universal Church." The aim of this organization was stated by Mr. Jones in a recent issue of "Unity" as follows: "Let us both step out and on to a platform upon which neither Christianity, Buddhism, Brahminism, nor Agnosticism has any preemption. On that broad plane of humanity let us build a temple of universal religion dedicated to the inquiring spirit of progress, to the helpful services of love. Some such Church as this already exists. It exists all over the world where commerce and science, letters and philanthropy, have gone to break down the conceits of creed and the pretensions of sects. We believe that in the so-called liberal forces of America—the Unitarian, Universalist, Reformed Jewish, Ethical Culture, and independent movements—there is found the material for the great prophetic free Church of America, democratic, progressive, helpful; a Church where heresy-hunters will be absolutely impossible, because the spirit which makes heretics will be the central inspiration of its life—the spirit of inquiry, the spirit of individual responsibility in matters of thought. In that same spirit let Unitarians say: 'If the word "Unitarian" giveth offense, if it misinterprets us or we misinterpret it, we discard the word that we may cherish the thing.'" There is nothing specially new in this plan for a comprehensive Church. It is simply an effort to organize the independent religious bodies of the country, and to do so, it seems to us, without any distinct organizing principle. Religion, according to it, is nothing but the evolution of the world's life. It may be called by many names, but the thing itself is entirely different from all that the world understands as religion. It may be that there is a place for such a movement, that it has within itself elements of strength and vitality which do not appear on the surface. We shall watch with much interest for any future developments along this line, but we do not forget that many times in the past there have been efforts to realize something of the same kind, known now as the "Church of Humanity," now as the "Free Church," and now as the "Religion of Reason," but always essentially the same as that proposed in this latest call for a Universal Church.

Protestants and Romanists in Columbus

We have read with interest a statement issued to the public by the pastors of the various churches in Columbus, O., concerning misrepresentations of Roman Catholics and consequent excitement in that city and section. Various false statements were made concerning the Roman Catholics, so that many people began to feel as if there would soon be an uprising of the Romanists to ravage the land. It was the result, of course, of ignorance and misrepresentation. Under such circumstances the Protestant pastors did what was right. They prepared a generous circular in which they stated their own convictions with perfect plainness, and then (1) denounced as a barefaced forgery an alleged letter of the Pope calling upon Catholics to rise and exterminate the Protestants; (2) declared another document of the same kind to be a stupid forgery; (3) called attention to the fact that of the 349 public-school teachers in the city of Columbus thirteen were Roman Catholics; (4) that instead of ninety-five per cent. of the policemen of the city being Roman Catholics, a majority were Protestants; (5) that the statement that the schools and offices of one of the counties were overrun with Catholics was not based upon fact; (6) that the stories current about warlike preparations on the part of the Romanists were baseless fabrications. The whole document is charitable and generous, and shows the absurdity of much of the current talk concerning the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church. In a country of seventy millions of people it is not likely that ten millions of Roman Catholics, whose resources are small, could very soon acquire sufficient power (even if they had the disposition) to oppose and annihilate the Protestants. This paper finely says: "We make these statements not only in the interests of truth and decency and common humanity, but also in the interests of Protestantism." Among those whose names are signed to this document are W. E. Moore, Presbyterian, late Moderator of the General Assembly; A. E. E. Taylor, Presbyterian; James Poindexter, Baptist; Washington Gladden, Congregationalist, and George H. Shodde, Professor in Capital University. These are only a few of the best-known names.

The American Missionary Association

All the friends of the American Missionary Association ought carefully to observe the urgent request of a special committee who have designated Sunday, February 11, which is just before the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, as the day for special collections for the relief of the treasury of the Association. This Association is doing a most important work. For the first time in many years it finds itself seriously in debt. All the Congregational churches of the country ought to rally at once and make sure that this calamity does not threaten this Society. It is important, in connection with the above suggestion, that another should be made. Reports are in circulation that the American Missionary Association is about to receive a large legacy as an addition to the Daniel Hand Educational Fund. It should be remembered, however, that, in case this legacy is received, it will be for special work, and not one dollar will be available for the relief of the debt, nor to provide for the current work. It will be for other work valuable in itself. No

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one should be deceived by these reports into thinking that the Association will be relieved of its embarrassment by this gift.

A Congregational Retreat

The Congregational ministers of northern New Jersey have just spent two days in a "retreat" for prayer and meditation on spiritual themes, as preparatory to the work which is before them during the Lenten season. Nominally Congregationalists do not observe Lent, but actually they are coming to regard it as their spiritual harvest-time. This "retreat" was held in the beautiful suburban town of Westfield, where is located a church under the strong leadership of the Rev. C. H. Patton. The following subjects occupied the attention of those present: "The Realization of God," "The Central Teaching of Christ," "The Way of the Cross," "Helps to the Devout Life," "Our Special Work." Perhaps most interest was manifested in the first subject, which brought home to all with vivid distinctness the question, "Do *you* know God?" The question was carefully distinguished from knowing about God. One meeting—the one whose theme was "The Way of the Cross"—was open to the public. The greatest value of the meeting was in the spiritual uplift which was given to those who attended. Ministers are often so busy thinking of the spiritual life of other people that they have little time to cultivate their own. Such meetings as these are of the greatest value. And, if they are of benefit to ministers, why should they not be to others? Would it not be well for the officers of our churches, if they cannot have all-day retreats, at least to have spiritual meetings at which prayer for their own illumination and inspiration as Christian leaders should be the principal object?

The Baptist Social Union

One of the largest and most brilliant meetings in the history of the Baptist Social Union was held at the Savoy Hotel, in New York, on Thursday evening, February 1. If we mistake not, this Union was the first organization of the kind in the country. It has been followed by the Congregational Clubs and the Presbyterian Unions, and in some respects even eclipsed by them, since the growth of the Baptist Union has not been as rapid as that of some others. Whatever may be the causes, however, of this lack of growth in the past, the New York Union is now in a most prosperous condition. The great banquet-hall of the Savoy Hotel was full at the last meeting. The general subject was "The Future of the Church," and the speakers were the Rev. T. Edwin Brown, D.D., of Philadelphia, who gave a most optimistic outlook concerning the progress of Christianity; the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., who had as his topic "The Future of the Church in its Relation to the Unification of American Christianity," and aimed to show how much is lost by the division of our churches into sects, and how essential their unification is to the advancement of the common work; the Rev. J. M. Wells, D.D., of Fort Worth, Texas, made a very amusing speech on "Texas and her Baptists;" and the Rev. Dr. Tupper, of Denver, spoke very helpfully concerning "Some Phases of Church Work" in the city where he is a pastor. Dr. Tupper is evidently a favorite with Baptist audiences, and it was no small compliment to him that his audience waited so long for his address. Much of the success of the Baptist Union during the last year, we are informed, is due to the very efficient leadership of Dr. Wendell Phillips, the retiring President.

The Parish Paper

We have received from time to time many papers which are published in the interest of local churches. We recall distinctly a very valuable one published by the First Congregational Church of Detroit, the Rev. W. H. Davis, D.D., pastor; another by the First Church of Oakland, Cal., the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., pastor; and we have just received another, published by the Church of the Saviour in Philadelphia, of which the Rev. William B. Bodine, D.D., is the rector. In many respects this last is one of the best of the kind that has ever come to our notice. It is superbly printed and fittingly illustrated, and cannot fail to be a great help in the work of the church. Incidentally we gather from it information which shows that the Church of the Saviour must be a hive of spiritual industry. One or two features we especially like. The first is the prominence which is given in that parish to the musical service. It is not made an annex to the church, but a part of it, and music is recognized as one of the most important means for the advancement of the cause. We are impressed with the fact that many churches are now coming to realize that the leader of the worship ought to be regarded as one called to his ministry with a divine call, and consequently ought always to be a godly man, and, if possible, set apart to his work with fitting service. In this Church of the Saviour we notice that, besides the usual societies in such places, there is an Employment Society, a Pastoral Aid Society, a Visiting and Relief Society, a Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and a Choral Society. By the way, in the list of officers of the church, as it is published in the "Parish Messenger," we notice that the organist and choirmaster is given the place immediately after the clergy and before that of the vestry, thus classing him, as he ought to be, among those charged with spiritual privileges and responsibilities.

The Opium Question in Ceylon

December 9, 1893, witnessed the gathering of a unique assembly in Colombo, Ceylon. It was composed of various classes and religions. Hindu barristers, Buddhist priests, Mohammedans, and Christians sat side by side, drawn by interest in a common object. The meeting was convened for the purpose of taking action on what is known as the Opium Question. Two American women missionaries, the Misses Leitch, had been instrumental in showing how the habit of opium-smoking and the use of bhang are increasing in Ceylon. The sale of these drugs is secretly injuring the life of the various races of the island. The natives were never accustomed either to use or to grow them, and the result of their introduction has been to work serious evil among the people. This meeting in Colombo was held in a public hall. The chair was taken by the editor of the Ceylon "Observer." Various missionary societies were represented—as the Church Mission, the Wesleyan Mission, the Baptist Mission, and the Salvation Army. On the same platform sat six Buddhist priests, three prominent Mohammedans, and several Hindu barristers. Resolutions were adopted emphasizing the necessity of taking immediate action for the restriction of this evil, and a committee was appointed to carry out the wishes of the people. A petition for this object is being signed by large numbers throughout the island. Should this petition fail to procure proper legislation, a committee will lay the matter before the House of Commons. As we read of the part which was taken by the Misses Leitch in this matter, we are reminded of the splendid work which was done about a year ago by two other American ladies in breaking up certain hideous abuses in the Indian Empire. American women are making their influence felt for good in the distant and difficult fields in which many of them are choosing to pass their lives. The opium question is of as great importance for the people of the East as the liquor question is for the people of the West; and, indeed, if we are not mistaken, the opium question itself will very soon have to receive serious attention in this country, for it is well known that the injury caused by cigarette-smoking comes very largely from the opium which is put into the cigarettes.

Judaism in London

Any study of the religious forces of a nation must include the Jews. They are among the most aggressive and yet conservative of all peoples, and are constantly making themselves felt in the religious life of our time. Some interesting facts have recently been published concerning Judaism in London. We cull a few of them for the information of our readers. The Jews are divided into synagogues, which comprise many congregations. Among these "The United Synagogue" comprises thirteen different synagogues, with accommodations for 6,562 worshipers, and 1,956 seats unlet. But as a very large number are not able to subscribe to the synagogues as members, they rent temporary seats during the festivals. The average subscription among these Jews in the cheapest synagogue in London is £3.8, and the most expensive £14.2. The essential feature of the United Synagogue scheme is this: Every member is assessed thirty per cent. on account of his seat-rental

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for general communal purposes, besides paying five per cent. building-rate for maintaining the synagogues in repair, and a burial-rate varying according to the price of his seat. All the receipts of each individual synagogue, after deducting these charges, which amount to about forty-five per cent., are disbursed in the maintenance of that particular synagogue. This United Synagogue is not the sole organization of the Jews in London, but it is the most important one. Its total revenues for 1892 were about £37,000. Its various charities are for the relief of the Jewish poor, for the burial of the dead, for the distribution of unleavened bread during Passover Week, and for prisons, hospitals, workhouses, and industrial schools. It also assists in the support of the college for the training of Jewish ministers. In addition to this United Synagogue, the Portuguese community has two synagogues. There is a large one in West London, and one in Upper Berkeley Street. The number of charitable institutions supported by the Jews is very large. "The Board of Guardians" is a vast congeries of charities of all kinds, dispensing annually more than £32,000. Among the various charities we notice especially the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields, which has always been a pet charity of the Rothschild family, and of which Lord Rothschild is now the President. It is said to be the largest and most wonderful school in the world, with 3,555 children on its register. It receives a Government grant of about £5,000; has an income from endowments of about £3,500, leaving a deficit of about £12,000 to be provided by the voluntary subscriptions of the Jewish community. We have read with much care the article from which we make these selections. Christians have yet many things to learn from the Jews. The system with which they care for their poor, and the fact that a Jew is seldom, if ever, found asking alms in a great city like London, and in New York only in circumstances of peculiar emergency like the present, are both interesting and suggestive.

Gleanings

—The Rev. Dr. James Mulchahey, senior assistant minister of Trinity Parish, this city, and the pastor of St. Paul's Chapel, has tendered his resignation.

—In the Epworth League there are nearly 12,000 chapters, and 850,000 members have been added in a little more than four and a half years.

—The Rev. Charles J. Wood, of Lock Haven, Pa., a frequent and valued contributor to The Outlook, has been elected Archdeacon of the Archdeaconry of Williamsport.

—The Christian Endeavor movement started the new year with nearly 29,000 societies and about a million and three-quarters of members. The growth during the last six months has been larger than ever before in the history of the movement.

—Prebendary Pulling, who died in England the other day, at the age of eighty-six years, was the last survivor of the small council of ecclesiastics who arranged the original publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

—Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the celebrated Oriental traveler, in a recent address before the Students' Missionary Conference at Keswick, England, gave the following testimony: "I am a convert to missions through seeing missions and the need of them"

—President William Henry Greene, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, has written a denial of the statement that two of the students of the Seminary have sought admission in the Roman Catholic Church. He says there is no truth in it whatever.

—The Rev. Dr. Arthur C. A. Hall was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Vermont at Burlington last Friday. The consecrators were Bishops Neely, of Maine, Niles, of New Hampshire, and Lawrence, of Massachusetts. The Most Rev. John T. Lewis, D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop of Ontario and Metropolitan, was present, with other clergymen. Bishop Coleman preached the sermon.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. William Cresswell Doane, first Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, was celebrated at Albany last Friday in All Saints' Cathedral. A sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. John Williams, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Connecticut and presiding Bishop. Later a festival Te Deum was sung, and there followed presentation of addresses, to which the Bishop replied. In the evening a reception was given to Bishop and Mrs. Doane in the club-house of the Fort Orange Club.

—The Rev. Dr. Carroll Cutler, who for fifteen years was President of the Western Reserve University, died in Talladega, Ala., lately. He remained at the head of the college during its transformation into the Adelbert College of Western Reserve University and for four years afterward, resigning his position in 1886. Dr. Cutler then became a professor in the theological department of Biddle University at Charlotte, N. C., a Presbyterian school for colored students. After remaining there for two years he accepted a similar position in Talladega College, at Talladega, Ala., which he retained up to the time of his death.

—The forty-first anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city was celebrated on Friday night of last week in Association Hall, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Cleveland H. Dodge presided, and the speakers were the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, and the Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Collegiate Reformed Church. The annual report was read by General Secretary R. R. McBurney. He said that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt had given an addition to the Railroad Branch in Madison Avenue, twice the size of the present building, and it would shortly be opened. In the Bowery Branch a great deal of assistance was given to men in destitute circumstances. They were allowed to sleep on chairs in the reading-room, and the entire building gave accommodation to 450 men each night. This branch also gave 32,800 free meals during the year.

—A correspondent writes: "In the city of Tampa, Fla., where a Spanish-speaking population of over 3,000 Cubans and Spaniards is to be found, the Rev. E. P. Herrick, pastor of the First Congregational Church, aided by Sr. G. Hernandez, an earnest Cuban, has established the Immanuel Mission. A neat and commodious chapel has been built and paid for. The Florida Ladies' Home Missionary Union has raised the funds. A Sunday-school of over one hundred pupils has been organized. Regular preaching services are held in the Spanish language. The first Hispano-American Christian Endeavor Society in the world was organized lately. It begins with thirty-five members, who are deeply interested. From twenty-five to thirty families are pledged to the enterprise. Theirs is the first Cuban Evangelical Chapel erected in the world. We need books and papers. We need a teacher to begin a day-school, also a parsonage for our helper. We also need help to pay the salary of Mr. Hernandez, who, with his wife, is laboring successfully to bring his countrymen to the truth."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—W. G. Poor, of the Second Church of Chicopee, Mass., preached his farewell sermon on February 4.

—H. W. Dowding, of the Second Church of Wells, Me., has resigned, but the church declines to accept the resignation.

—G. W. Grover, of the Pilgrim Church of Nashua, Mass., has resigned.

—B. W. Lockhart has become pastor of the Franklin Street Church of Manchester, N. H.

—C. M. Lamson was installed as pastor of the First Church of Hartford, Conn., on February 7.

—R. J. Matthews, of Creston, Ill, accepts a call to Lebanon, Mo.

—Ira D. Stone, of the Chicago Seminary, accepts a call to Plainfield, Ill.

—W. L. Andersen accepts a call to the First Church of Exeter, N. H.

—F. T. Lee, of Muscatine, Ia., has received a call to the Douglas Park Church of Chicago, Ill.

—H. H. Leavitt was installed as pastor of the Broadway Church of Somerville, Mass., on January 25.

—Elbridge C. Whiton was installed as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church of Minneapolis, Minn., on January 2.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Samuel Bowden, a retired minister, who was for thirty-five years pastor of the church at York, N. Y., died in New York City on January 23, at the age of seventy-two.

—C. D. Barrows, of the First Church of Oswego, N. Y., accepts a call to Corning.

—L. W. Barr has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Bellaire, O.

—Charles F. Goss has received a call from the Avondale Church of Cincinnati, O.

—W. H. Bates has accepted a call from the Second Reformed Church of Rochester, N. Y.

OTHER CHURCHES

—P. F. Hall, of New York City, has become rector of St. Timothy's Church (P. E.), Catonsville, Md

—G. W. Barhydt has become rector of Christ Church (P. E.), Westport, Conn.

—W. H. Sherwood, of the Church of the Mediator (P. E.), Edgewater-on-Hudson, N. J., accepts the rectorship of St. James's Church, Ridgefield.

—Lewis Brown, of St. Luke's Church (P. E.), accepts the rectorship of St. Thomas's Church, Battle Creek, Mich.

—C. D. Smith, for fifty years a Methodist preacher, died at the age of eighty-two, near Franklin, N. C., on January 30.

—Edward McMinn has resigned the pastorate of the Summit Avenue Baptist Church of Jersey City, N. J.

—J. K. Ewer, of the Pleasant Street Baptist Church of Concord, Mass., has received a call to the Union Church of Providence, R. I.

—George E. Leighton has received a call from the Universalist church at Westbrook, Me.

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Books and Authors

The Standard Dictionary [1]

The last few years have witnessed a notable increase in the number of dictionaries. In the good old days, that are not so very old, either, there were but two dictionaries in general use in the United States. If a man did not "follow Webster," he "followed Worcester." There were thus only two courts of appeal in cases lexicographical, and each disputant regarded his own court as supreme, not to say infallible. This happy simplicity no longer exists. First came the Webster's "International," to show how immensely superior a revision might be to the old, dearly beloved "Unabridged." Then came that splendid piece of book-making, the "Century Dictionary." For those who were content simply with the A B C's of their mother tongue, and were willing to bequeath the rest of the alphabet to their posterity, there also came along by imperceptible degrees that monumental mass of learning, "A New English Dictionary." There have also appeared the "Imperial," the "Encyclopedic," and "Stormonth," among English works. And now comes another candidate for public favor, "A Standard Dictionary of the English Language."

The latest dictionary ought always to be the best. It can, and must, take advantage of all the work that has gone into the making of other lexicons. The new dictionary must be to a large extent the result of comparing, criticising, and improving the older dictionaries. Almost every one has found incomplete or unsatisfactory definitions in his favorite dictionary. It is the business of the makers of a new dictionary to remedy these defects. The new dictionary can not only take advantage of the mistakes and the successes of the old, but it has the benefit of the lapse of time and the incidental changes in language and in the arts and sciences. A new dictionary, therefore, which is not in many ways an improvement on its predecessors has fallen short of its opportunities.

In the "Standard Dictionary" many of the good features of other dictionaries have been borrowed, but there is a sufficiency of new ideas. These are mainly directed toward simplification and convenience of reference. In the older dictionaries a confusing mass of etymological information and of obsolete meanings often follows the vocabulary word. The Standard has rightly inverted this order, placed the living, vital definition first, and put unusual or archaic meanings at the end, with brief etymology. For a dictionary dealing with the history of words this would be inappropriate; for a popular lexicon it is assuredly right, and this feature will save much time and vexation to busy people. Another good feature is the plan of classifying under a general group-name very comprehensive vocabularies, thus making reference and comparison easy. An instance of this is the elaborate list of Coins, embracing all important ancient and modern coins, with their value in American and English money; another instance is the list of varieties under the word Apple, including over three hundred names, with brief descriptions. An analogous feature, however, is not so commendable: that of giving a prefix or combining form—*e. g.*, *amphi*—and "running in" scores of the combinations in a solid paragraph. This undoubtedly saves space and makes possible the Standard's unrivaled fullness of vocabulary, but it makes reference difficult and trying to eyesight, and gives a somewhat confused appearance to an otherwise handsome page. However, when one has finally run down the word, and found it "in the dictionary," having looked for it in vain in other dictionaries, the uppermost feeling is one of satisfaction.

Considering this dictionary in the light of the requirements of the average dictionary-user (who consults a dictionary for—1, spelling; 2, pronunciation; 3, definition), we find that there has been an attempt to forward the cause of spelling reform. This is done mainly by a preference for the simpler forms of words which are currently spelled in two or more ways. Thus we have an indorsement of some forms recommended by Noah Webster, such as *honor*, *center*, *councilor*, etc., with a reversion to other forms rejected by him on grounds of analogy, such as *dulness*, *fulness*, *instalment*, etc. There has been no attempt to harmonize other similar words with these latter; the principle has been, generally, merely to recommend the simpler of the forms that have recognized currency, without regard to analogy. In some cases, however, innovations are introduced, as in *bimetalism*, *crum*; and in medical and chemical terms, as *cocain*, *sulfid*, etc. Thus the good work goes on of still further adding to the arbitrariness of English spelling. This is probably done with the hope of furthering the cause of phonetic spelling, which cause is further helped (or hindered?) by the introduction into the vocabulary of 3,500 words spelled according to the recommendation of the Philological Societies of England and America. Phonetic spelling is scientific, we admit, and English spelling is horribly unscientific; but we should not take any pleasure in reading a book that was full of such words as *lafabl*, *clenzd*, *gess*, *dubl*, *cum*, etc. Phonetic reform must come through proselyting the young, or through some wide co-operative adoption of the reform. The Standard, however, gives both the current and the recommended form, and its list of variants is remarkably full.

As to pronunciation, the new dictionary uses a "scientific alphabet" in respelling words. This alphabet has had the approval of numerous learned bodies, and with it delicate shades of pronunciation can undoubtedly be indicated with great nicety. It may be questioned, however, whether it was wise to introduce this alphabet, with its new characters and unusual diacritical marks, into a dictionary intended not primarily for philologists but for the people. The "people," when they see *creek* pronounced *crêk* in the new dictionary, will probably for a time be confirmed in their mispronunciation; and when they find their "national game" pronounced *bês'bōl"* they will be inclined to look for something easier; which they will not find when they discover that *either* is pronounced *îdher*. But those who are already familiar with this alphabet, or who take the pains to become so, will find the book up to the latest standards of orthoepical taste, as for instance in the words *amateur*, *apparatus*, *advertisement*, *cost*, *literature*, etc.

The definitions are, as a rule, models of terse and perspicuous English. A comparison of the Standard's definitions with those of its principal predecessors shows an improvement in very many cases, either in the direction of greater clearness or of sharper distinctions. As an instance of the first-named quality, take this, picked at random from one of the larger dictionaries now on the market: "*Ampere*. The unit employed in measuring the strength of an electrical current. It is the current flowing in the unit of time, in a wire having unit resistance, one ohm, and between the two ends of which the unit difference of potentials, one volt, is maintained." And this from the Standard: "*Ampere*. The practical unit of electric-current strength; such a current as would be given with an electromotive force of one volt through a wire having a resistance of one ohm." And in the way of closer distinctions may be mentioned *Anarchist* 1 and 2, bringing out the difference between the violent and the philosophical Anarchist; also definition 8 of *bad*, in the sense of severe, as "a bad cold," a sense which all the other dictionaries have curiously overlooked. A good deal of space is devoted to careful and helpful definition of synonyms; an example may be seen under the word *class*.

That perplexing subject the compounding of words has received more scientific treatment than in any other dictionary. Whatever one may think of the practice of using the hyphen so freely as it is here employed, one cannot question the soundness of the principles on which its use is defended, nor fail to admire the consistency and the microscopic fidelity with which they are applied. For the first time, a dictionary is now printed in which words are

[1] *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* Prepared under the Supervision of Isaac K. Funk, D.D., Editor-in-Chief; Francis A. March, LL.D., Consulting Editor. In 2 Vols., $15. Vol. I., A-L. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

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solidified, hyphened, or separated with consistency and for valid reason; if not in all cases, at least with the great majority. The difficulty with the system is, that it takes a rarely acute mind to apply it comprehensively, and considerable perseverance in running counter to printers' habits and prejudices. This latter assertion may be illustrated by the fact that in the dictionary the word "facsimile" is printed thus, while in the circular "To the Reviewer" which accompanies the dictionary it appears as *Fac Simile*.

In form the book is a large quarto, substantially bound, and is printed in small but very clear type; the vocabulary words are in a heavy boldface letter, with foreign and obsolete words in a size smaller, though the average reader will scarcely notice the difference; the illustrative quotations are in minute type, but they are not too numerous and are thoroughly well chosen, with complete references to chapter, page, and publisher; the woodcut illustrations are numerous and often very helpful, while the colored plates are, in addition, handsome artistically; the paper is thin but strong, and the presswork excellent; the proof-reading is exceedingly well done. The book bears evidence of immense and painstaking labor, and if the completed work carries out the promise of the first volume, it will prove of exceptional value to all who have need of a dictionary that is thoroughly modern, encyclopedic in its scope, and yet sufficiently concise to be convenient of reference.

Following are some notes which the present writer made while glancing over the dictionary:

Heavy single and double accent-marks are used, somewhat confusingly, to represent primary and secondary stress; but there is no explanation of their use in the Key to Pronunciation.—Most readers look first to find whether the latest slang is in the new dictionary; their expectations will be agreeably fulfilled by finding that the Standard is "in it" so far as that phrase goes, and a great many other phrases as well, slang and otherwise; "the grand bounce," "fake," "kid," "to walk off on one's ear," "dago," "growler," "great Scott," "jolly," etc., are all there.—The use of lower-case letters for all vocabulary words except proper nouns and adjectives is very helpful; and when a capital is used in one sense of a word and not in another, the distinction is made, as in the case of *Arab* (1), *street arab* (3). But sometimes the dictionary's preference is not followed by itself; as in *Herculean*, printed on p. xii. *herculean; street Arab*, under *gamin*.—Why should three quotations be given in defining *crisp*, and on the opposite page no quotation at all showing authority for a new word, *criminology*?—The mistake in one of the other dictionaries about the fanatics throwing themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut is here corrected.—Who ever saw the variant *Alsaceian* for Alsatian? *Alsacian* is sometimes seen; and why not, for a native of Alsace?—The definition of "bit," "A small coin, usually of a named value; as, a threepenny bit," is not scientific; on the other hand, that of "hustler," "A person of great energy and activity; one who works with especial aggressive rapidity and efficiency," is a little too "scientific;" it omits the sportive element which in another dictionary is well hit off in the words "a lively worker."—The pronunciation of such words as *Australian* and *convenience* is not clearly indicated; how are the syllables *lian*, *nience*, to be sounded? Is there a touch of the *y*?—The word *cenacle* is in the Standard and not in the others; also the word *electricute*. On the other hand, a word in every-day use, *choirmaster*, fails to find place in this or other dictionaries.—The illustrations of the word *knot* will make many a boy's heart glad.—A new word given is "demote"—to reduce to a lower grade; opposed to *promote*. In some parts of the South the negroes use the word "prograde" as opposed to *progress;* will the editors of the Standard kindly give "prograde" a place in the second volume?—*Back-stop* in the vocabulary is hyphened; under *cricket* it is *backstop*. *Freethinker* is thus in vocabulary; on p. xi., *free-thinker*.—It is said that a country compositor was once observed throwing letters out of the window while distributing type; on being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Throwin' out them durned horned é's." The Standard has thrown out several of the "durned horned é's," as in *litterateur*, *edition de luxe*, *debris* (variant), as well as a host of æ's, œ's, ö's, etc.—There is no definition of *gum arabic*, one of the commonest of the gums; but there is a very complete list of different varieties of gum.—For a very small picture that helps very much to explain the text, see *bloomer;* and for a large one, see *lace*.—A comprehensive list of gunpowders is given under the head *explosive*. But why begin the description of explosives by a third of a column telling what they will *not* do?—Under *Babel* a mistake in one of the other dictionaries is corrected—viz., Gen. ix., instead of Gen. xi. as it should be.—Under the head of *amphi-* are a number of biological terms not in other dictionaries; and the word *germ-plasm* finds place.—There are a good many helpful notes here and there; as under *chalet* ("often incorrectly written *châlet*").—In looking up the word *antislavery* one looks first for *anti*, then through a table of undefined compounds, then through a column of "run-in" *antis*, then turns over three pages and finds the word in vocabulary place. Great is the science of classification!—The syllabication in some particulars does not reflect American usage, but attempts to make it consistent, dividing according to pronunciation, not etymology; as, *divi-ding*, not *divid-ing*. Printers will be slow to accept this system. Sometimes the dictionary does not accept it: on successive pages we find *clo-sing*, *cloth-ing*.—Johnson had his little joke on the Scotch and on the lexicographer; the Standard has its little bull on the *Baconian theory:* "The theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare"!

The Riverside Thoreau[1]

The Riverside edition of several American classics has come to be a standard of sound American book-making, as well as of sound American book-writing. Sooner or later, it was, of course, inevitable that the works of Henry David Thoreau should be issued in this form, and all lovers of out-of-door literature and of one of the most racy and original of all American writers will rejoice that that time has come and that the work has been so thoroughly accomplished. The Riverside Thoreau presents the entire body of his work in ten volumes, uniform with the earlier editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, and meeting, it is unnecessary to say, all the demands of a permanent library edition of a standard writer. The editorial work which has gone into various Riverside editions deserves more than a passing comment on account of its intelligence, its good judgment, and its general competency. In the case of Thoreau it has involved a careful revision of the text and the preparation of trustworthy and ample biographical and bibliographical introductions, so that the reader is furnished with the entire equipment of information which he needs for a thorough understanding of his author. The edition includes the three volumes, "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," which have appeared since the publication of the earlier edition, and which in themselves form a cycle of observation for the entire year of rare interest and marked individual quality. It is late in the day to say anything critical of the work of Thoreau. Although since his time many observers and recorders have entered the field which he was the first to possess and work in a thorough fashion, Thoreau remains the foremost American naturalist in the literary form. It is largely due to his racy comment and devout study that so many Americans have been drawn into fuller fellowship with nature during the last twenty-five years. The interest in the man does not subside; on the contrary, his quality grows more distinct as time passes, and readers come more and more to agree with Mr. Emerson's declaration that "his power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with a microscope, heard as with an ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." It is hardly necessary to add that Thoreau saw and heard many things outside the field of nature. He was also a keen observer of men and of politics, a somewhat one-sided but very acute student of education, of literature, and of religion; and his comments on all these various themes, and on many other associated matters, never lacked incisiveness, point, and originality.

The World's Parliament of Religions[2]

The holding of a Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition certainly marks an era in the world's history. Such a congress would not have been possible in any other country, nor at any prior age of the world. Representatives of all the great intellectual and spiritual religions were present, notwithstanding the fact that the Sultan of Turkey and the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to allow the two organizations of which they are respectively the heads to be officially represented. Of course the product of such a gathering does not really constitute a basis for the scientific study of comparative religion, for in such a gathering each representative presents his own religion idealized. If the Christian believer

[1] *The Works of Henry David Thoreau.* In 10 Vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[2] *The World's Parliament of Religions.* An Illustrated and Popular Story of the World's First Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, in connection with the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Edited by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary. In 2 Vols. The Parliament Publishing Company, Chicago.

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were asked to tell the Hindus in India what the Christian religion is, he would not dilate upon the sectarian controversies, the battles about creeds and candles, the construction of beautiful churches in rich quarters of the city and the relative abandonment of the poorer quarters: he would take the Sermon on the Mount, the fourteenth chapter of John, the story of the Crucifixion, and would represent these as constituting the heart and core of Christianity. And this would be right. The other things are excrescences, or forms of worldliness and selfishness which Christianity has not yet overcome, even within the bounds of the Church. What the Christian would do the representatives of paganism did do in Chicago. But, making full allowance for this fact, we have in these two handsome volumes, for the first time in the history of literature, the presentation of the great world-faiths by those who severally accept them; and this is a real and valuable contribution to our sympathetic knowledge of those whom we have often misunderstood and misinterpreted. However great their error, the first condition of converting them to the truth is that we should understand them; if we do not understand them it is impossible to make them understand us. While, therefore, these volumes do not afford a comprehensive basis for a scientific study of comparative religions, they do afford a very valuable contribution to that study. As the Parliament of Religions was an epoch-making event, so these two volumes constitute, if not an epoch-making book, at all events the record of an event that was epoch-making. It is hardly necessary to add for the information of our readers, to whom we have given this information before, that this is the only history of the World's Parliament of Religions worthy of a place on their shelves. The attempt to make a history of this Parliament out of newspaper reports and put it upon the market in advance of the official volume has not, we are glad to believe, been a success.

Theology and Religion

The most insistent question of to-day in theology relates to the nature of the contents of the Bible, viewed in their literary and historical perspective. On the theory that the Bible is God's Book, "plus a very large element of human interpretation," to quote Robertson Smith, a score of eminent writers have for years sought to apply critical processes in the disentanglement of Biblical problems, giving rise to what is now distinctively known as the school of higher criticism. And, to our great satisfaction, one of these writers, Professor T. K. Cheyne, himself among the foremost in the school, has published a book of much value entitled *Founders of Old Testament Criticism* (Charles Scribner's Sons), in which the author affords us biographical and descriptive sketches of the men whose work in higher criticism has made their names known and honored in the circle—by no means small—of progressive Christian scholars. The volume before us contains a series of pictures of eminent Old Testament critics from the beginning of the critical movement to the present day, with an attempt in each case to estimate the services of the subject of the picture. Starting with the precursors in England, Warburton, Lowth, and Geddes, fully a century ago, and literally *voces clamantes in deserto*, Dr. Cheyne carries us along upon the rising tide of advanced scholarship in company with men like Eichhorn, De Wette, Ewald, Reuss, Kuenen, Davidson, Robertson Smith, Driver, Briggs, and many others, until we reach the open sea of our present status of Biblical knowledge. His work is well and carefully done. The biographical and descriptive is so interwoven with critical detail as greatly to enlarge our personal information about men, while opening our understanding to the exact value of their indefatigable labors.

On the general subject of Inspiration there are books without number clamorous for readers, with libraries (probably) yet to come. And this fact must excuse very slight notice of two excellent books, one by John E. DeWitt, D.D., entitled *What is Inspiration?* (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York), and the other by J. T. Sunderland, whose publisher is G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Dr. Sunderland, a well-known Unitarian, and editor of an attractive magazine bearing this name, treats of *The Origin, Growth, and Character of the Bible*, with some consideration of its place among the sacred books of the world. Dr. DeWitt's work is in no sense a compilation. It is, rather, a sympathetic discussion of the nature of the contents of the Bible from the view-point of a progressive Christian scholar; and we cannot refrain from quoting a single sentence which, in our judgment, is a most admirable statement of the true principle of Biblical interpretation. On page 185 the author says: "Whatsoever in the Old Testament revelation, or in any professed revelation from God, is not in accord with the righteousness or love or purity or truth in the words and the life of Christ, has been annulled and superseded, and is practically no revelation for us." This statement, we repeat, is admirable. We are not so certain that the main positions assumed by Dr. Sunderland will hold against more conservative and yet progressive views of the Bible. But still his work contributes much of solid value in the way of general information respecting the growth of Scripture, while the spirit in which it is written offends neither sweetness nor reverence of spirit.

We have said that treatises on Inspiration are legion. Those on Eschatology are like the sands of the sea for multitude! And we do not find in *Bible Eschatology* (Lee & Shepard, Boston) any peculiar value above the ordinary worth of good books of this class. Dr. Henry T. Cheever, the author, considers the subject in relation to the Presbyterian standards, and the basal principles that underlie their revision. He proposes such questions as the following: Is the general impending resurrection redemptive? or is it punitive? or can it be at once redemptive and punitive? Is the resurrection an essential part of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus? or is it a mere experimental annex to an eternal plan of redemption not yet perfected? How successfully these questions are answered our readers must determine. Dr. Cheever at least looks toward light, and is not fettered by traditional conceptions. But whatever may be our view of the penalty *for* sin, it is a far more difficult undertaking to frame a theory as to the *origin* of sin. Yet Emily Oliver Gibbes, in a little volume of *Essays* published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York, ventures upon a solution. It is hardly worth stating, like most efforts in this direction. The problem of evil always has been, always will be, a metaphysical nut to crack. The writer of this book wields a very feeble hammer.

Christ and Economics. by the Rev. Charles William Stubbs, M.A., Rector of Wavertree (Ibister & Co., London), consists of lectures delivered to Liverpool congregations of business men, in which the author discusses present-day social and economic questions in the light of the Sermon on the Mount. The merit of the book does not lie in any marked freshness or originality of conception. The old baffling facts relating to the inharmony between Christ's Christianity and our modern industrial system, and the old baffling enigmas respecting their solution, are the common despair of all well-informed men. But the strength of Mr. Stubbs's work is found in the vividness with which he marshals facts, the exceeding plainness of his speech, and the very admirable courage displayed in forcing home unpalatable truths in the presence of a rich and luxurious people. In the sermon on "The Sins of Usury" these qualities are seen at their highest manifestation. In the address on "The Church in the City" there are some glowing and beautiful passages, full of impressive imagery. Other themes are those on "The Political Economy of the Sermon on the Mount," "Private Property and Common Wealth," "What is Culpable Luxury?" "Unthoughtful Charity," "Industrial War," "Industrial Peace," "The Church and Labor Movements." We wish there were more clergymen like this English rector, bold enough to tell the truth to unwilling ears. Not that Mr. Stubbs is always right in his conclusions or sound in his economics. Occasionally his indignation against wealthy sinners weakens his judgment of principles. But the general trend of his argument is not easily refuted; and these lectures, widely read by rich and easy-going Christians, will prick the conscience, if not hopelessly calloused in the white heat of incorrigible worldliness.

A mighty hunter of lions, elephants, and rhinoceroses is Mr. Frederick C. Selous, author of *Travel and Adventure in South-east Africa*. For over twenty years he has traversed the Zambezi country, Mashonaland, and other districts, hunting, not as an amateur, but in thoroughly professional manner, getting wild beasts and natural curiosities for the great dealers and for the great museums. His reputation as a naturalist and explorer stands high, and his actual knowledge of the region of South-east Africa is probably as large as that of any living man. He has been friends with poor Lobengula, who is now hiding in some of the fastnesses of the great territory he ruled absolutely a few years ago. Mr. Selous has also had his quarrels with the King of Mashonaland, and the latter ended by putting a large price on the explorer's head. Whether the recent movements of the British Company in Mashonaland are founded on strict justice or on greed of territory may be an open question. The average white man in that region probably does not trouble himself much

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about ethics or international law, but falls back on his faith that "Rhodes will square it some way." Mr. Selous has the universal faith in Rhodes, and was his agent in conducting the gold-prospecting party of 1889 through eastern Mashonaland, and later in opening up the country and breaking the famous road 460 miles through the wilderness. His present book has strong historic and geographical interest; and, indeed, his personal history for the years described really forms an important part of the history of African development. Apart from this, the book is immensely interesting as a story of hunting and adventure. It is well illustrated, and contains valuable maps. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Lead-Work, Old and Ornamental, and for the Most Part English (Macmillan & Co., New York) is the title of an attractive little book by W. R. Lethaby, who evidently believes, with Viollet-le-Duc, that mediæval lead was wrought like colossal goldsmith's work. Mr. Lethaby defends lead processes from the commonplace associations which cling to plumbing, for no metal is more adaptable to other uses, from a tiny inkwell to the greatest cathedral spire. With a history of almost two thousand years in England alone, lead-working, as an art for the expression of beauty through material, has at last been destroyed. That art as it existed when the guild of plumbers was established in 1365, and when designs were borrowed from neither stone nor wood, but were the expressions of a distinct artistic personality, continued only to the present century, while the London Exhibition of 1851 seemed to mark the complete eclipse of all craft tradition. Mr. Lethaby's sketch is necessarily historical, embracing the long stretch from the Phœnician beginnings to these degenerate days, and giving many illustrations of lead-work in cisterns, gutters, pipes and pipe-heads, roofs, domes, spires, turrets, finials, coffins, fonts, inscriptions, vases, fountains, and statues. It is not only a picture of what has been done, but also a plea for what again may be done.

It would not, certainly, be expected that we should speak in terms of cordial sympathy and appreciation of *The Bible and its Theology as Popularly Taught*, etc., by G. Vance Smith, B.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London), and *The New Bible and its New Uses*, by Joel Henry Crooker (George H. Ellis, Boston), for the former denies that the Bible teaches the deity of Jesus, and the latter, as we read his book, eliminates from the Bible all the supernatural. Our readers will not care for more detailed criticism of these books, which are clearly written, and (with an exception here and there in Vance Smith's work) in an excellent temper; but we cannot occupy the same standing-ground with them. It may be true, as Vance Smith urges, that all Christian doctrine is only a matter of the interpretation of the Bible; nevertheless the God-consciousness of nineteen centuries of Christendom is wholly against his new reading of the Bible contrary to the unique nature of the Divine Sonship of Jesus. And as regards the argument of Mr. Crooker, we think that he goes too far, and, in trying to eliminate the supernatural element from the Bible, he implicitly denies God who is in the world. It would, therefore, be useless for us to give space to an extended criticism of the particular points of the arguments, which, from their point of mental view, are well set forth.

The Religion of a Literary Man (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) appears from the preface to be based on, though not a reproduction of, certain letters published in the "Daily Chronicle" by the author, Mr. Richard le Gallienne. We advise no man to read this little book whose test of the value of religious writing is its orthodoxy. The author is anything but orthodox, but he is very suggestive. In some of his philosophizing he opens a vein of religious thought which is spiritually valuable, as in his discussion of the question, What is sin? Sometimes, on the other hand, he seems to us superficial, as in his discussion What is pain? And sometimes he takes positions which seem to us false to human experiences, as in his suggestion that "a new friend will take the place of an old friend who possesses the same qualities;" from which he deduces the conclusion that "personality is of less value than we are wont to think." What we like about the book is not its wisdom but its genuineness, its serious-mindedness, its clearness and freshness of expression—as, for instance, "Catholicism, for example, is simply average humanity in a surplice;" or, again, "We may well pray for the spirit of our brave forefathers, who went to battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist's."

The second and third volumes of Professor Huxley's collection of essays deal respectively with (Vol. II.) *Darwiniana* and (Vol. III.) *Science and Education*. The first of these volumes is necessary to the student of modern biology, since it contains a careful criticism by one eminent biologist upon another not less able but perhaps more eminent. In the other volume, that on Science and Education, Professor Huxley appears to us at his best. He is here constructive rather than critical, and is relatively free from that fault of dogmatic self-assertion which comes sometimes dangerously near temper, and which mars his distinctively controversial writings. Professor Huxley belongs to what we may call the broad school in education, recognizing fully the necessity, not only for literature, but for religion, to a complete and rounded education; and his protest against the narrowness which substitutes facts for truth and information for life, and which Dickens so effectively satirized in Thomas Gradgrind, is all the more effective when it comes from one who cannot be suspected of prejudices in favor of religion or even of the conventional literary curriculum. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Those who had the advantage of any personal acquaintance with Mr. Lowell will heartily indorse Dr. Francis H. Underwood's biographical sketch, *The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell*. Dr. Underwood had years of association with Mr. Lowell, both at the Whist Club and at Elmwood; and, in addition to this, he knows how to express appreciation in a way at once warm and yet within the limits of good taste. No man of genius was ever more genuine than Mr. Lowell, more unpretending yet thoroughly self-respecting. It took him some years to get in touch with the world, but his later career evinced an unusual acumen in his discernment of men and affairs. Mr. Lowell became a learned man, but his habit of out-of-door exercise prevented him from mere bookishness, and body and mind remained in equipoise. Dr. Underwood thinks that "Under the Willows" and "The Cathedral" must be beyond the power of appreciation of any but the few cultured. We have not found this to be so. To return to the book—it is charming and precious. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

We have received from Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, the third volume of Green's *Short History of the English People* (illustrated edition), which deals with Puritan England and New England, bringing the history down to 1678, and closing in the midst of the reign of Charles II. Nothing in Green's History is better than his portraiture of Puritanism, and it is made much more graphic by the admirable collection of pictures which have been gathered by wide research to illustrate it. With the aid of these pictures one may almost transfer himself to this olden time.

A true story of war-times is told in Mr. L. E. Chittenden's *An Unknown Heroine*. The facts related are so extraordinary that they do not require the aid of fiction to make them interesting, and, in point of fact, we think the tale would have been stronger if the fiction form had not been adopted. (Richmond, Croscup & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—One of the best German translations of Horace is that of Dr. Ludwig Behrendt, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt," and who died recently.

—At the suggestion of Dr. Schweinfurth, a committee has been formed in Germany for the erection of a monument to the late Emin Pasha at his native town, Neisse, in Silesia.

—Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson's story, "Left to Themselves; or, The Ordeal of Philip and Gerald," has been brought out in England in an illustrated edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

—The author of "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle" and of "Prince Bismarck and State Socialism" is about publishing, through the Appletons, a study of Teutonic institutions entitled "Germany and the Germans."

—The February number of "Romance" contains a ghost-story from the pen of Miss Wilkins, who, so far as we know, makes her first departure out of a very actual world in this short tale. "Romance" has recently been enlarged, and contains an unusual number of well-chosen short stories.

—A well-known writer of humorous prose and verse was talking with a bibliomaniac a day or two ago, says the "Critic's" "Lounger," when the latter said: "By the way, I am collecting first editions of American authors. I want to add your first book to my collection. Have you any copies of the first edition?" "Yes," answered the author, "I have all of them!"

—We have received a copy of "The Mentor," the only magazine in the United States devoted to the interests of the blind. It is a most useful medium of communication and sympathy for those who are trying to lighten the burdens of the sightless, and has much interesting information about new methods of teaching. We advise all readers who wish to know what is being done to help the blind, and how the sympathy we all feel may be turned into practical usefulness, to send for a copy of "The Mentor" (5 Thomas Park, South Boston, Mass.).

[For list of Books Received see page 287]

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

The Unemployed—Send Them South

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the issue of The Outlook for January 20 is an interesting article, "Come West with Your Unemployed." From the reports received from Chicago and other Western cities it would seem that already in the West, as well as in the North and East, the care of the unemployed is a serious question. The solution offered by Secretary Hoke Smith, in a recent interview in the Washington "Post," is to send them South, and I want to second his motion. He calls attention to "the excellent opportunities offered in the South to small farmers with only a few hundred dollars capital," and tells them that good, fertile lands can be had "at from $3 to $10 per acre." In support of this there is now before me in one of our dailies an advertisement offering a 1,100-acre farm near town, with good dwelling, tenant-houses, gin-house, and all the equipment of a Southern farm, also well adapted to stock-raising, "for $3,000, half cash, balance in one and two years." This is less than $3 per acre; and a ten-horse-power engine for ginning, and the gin, are included. Small farms can be had at similar rates. So that one can get a start here wonderfully cheap, and make good and profitable crops the first year. And this in a section where schools and churches are already established. Why go to the harder climate and less profitable crops of the West, when such splendid opportunities are offered South, and a welcome far more cordial than can be had elsewhere? We want men, we need them here, and they need our lands and the marvelous advantages here offered for securing homes and a competency.

Nor will the negro be a drawback or hindrance, but a help rather, just the help needed. So send on your small farmers with a few hundred dollars capital, and they will ever bless the day their feet were turned toward this goodly land of the South. Here one can work outdoors on his farm 365 days in the year.

But there is another class who have not the "few hundred dollars capital." To these, too, the South offers the most favorable opportunities. They can get positions as tenants, find comfortable homes, go to work, and be self-supporting at once, and without any capital but their own strong arms and hearty good will. There is a style of tenantry much in vogue in this immediate section, here in southeastern Alabama and southwestern Georgia, that offers prudent, industrious persons without capital most excellent advantages. It is what we call "cropping," or "working on halves." The landlord furnishes houses, land, stock, implements, feeds the stock, and advances supplies for the tenants till the crop is made. The tenant has half of all that is made, first paying for his advances out of his half. This is a most admirable plan. The tenant's risk is small, support is certain, and almost always there is something besides to begin another year on. Good, industrious tenants are now in demand here, and homes could immediately be had on this plan.

Secretary Smith tells us that in northern Georgia "they can raise everything needed for home supplies but sugar and coffee." Here in the more southerly section the planters can raise their "sugar" too. There is hardly a more profitable crop than the sugar-cane, and it is very cheaply cultivated.

Nor need they be deterred by not knowing how to cultivate the crops. Situations can be had on farms managed and supervised by our best and most experienced farmers. So those with small capital, or even those without capital, run no risk in coming South. It will afford me pleasure to answer all letters and give any information desired on this line. We have plenty of clerks, bookkeepers. No room for these. All town positions are crowded. But plenty of room on the farm—no overcrowding there. So send us your farmers and farm tenants. Let them come; we will help them, and they will help us build up this beautiful Southland, "beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside." So I leave off as I began: Send Your Unemployed South.

W. N. REEVES.

Eufaula, Ala.

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The Cotton-Farm Tenant and the City Tenement-Dweller

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your issue of August 26, 1893, contained an article "From a Staff Correspondent" on "Southern Farms," which I laid aside for reply, but have only now been able to undertake it.

The article is fair in spirit and contains such partial truth as may be obtained by a stranger in a hasty survey of the outside of things. But his conclusion, "The poverty of the city tenement-houses is nothing to the poverty of the cotton-farm tenant," seems to me so absolutely incorrect that simple justice to truth itself requires its correction.

I shall try to write only the facts as known by long observation. Born in Georgia, formerly an owner of slaves and a planter in different parts of the State, I have ever been a careful student of the negroes' wants and their supplies; from duty while they were slaves, and from interest since.

First, in general. The daily papers in New York and Chicago have been filled with accounts of the sufferings of the poor—women crushed to death in the struggle to enter rooms where daily relief is dispensed, others found starved to death in the streets, even churches thrown open to afford shelter for the night, and press and pulpit combining their powerful agencies to provide food, shelter, and clothing absolutely necessary to save human life. It is true "times" are unusually "hard," but that condition prevails in the South also, and yet I venture the assertion that not *one* negro farmer in all the South has died from starvation in all these months; nay, further, not one in a thousand has suffered from hunger for twenty-four hours.

But let us come to particulars. Your correspondent figures out $130 as the tenant's share of the crop at the end of the year, and, while these are rather minimum figures, we accept them. But bear in mind this is *cash*, his share of the cotton crop only—the cash crop. No estimate is given for anything else. But, in addition to the cotton, there will generally be planted, on the average "one-mule" farm, some 15 acres of corn, yielding 200 bushels, and 12–15 acres of oats. The tenant has his half of these also, say 100 bushels of corn and 125 of oats, available for food, or no small addition to his income if he sells.

Besides these, he generally has for his sole benefit a "sweet potato patch," yielding a winter supply of yams, and in the summer his beloved watermelon patch. He has, also, if he wishes, his vegetable garden, and in most cases raises about his lot one or more hogs—furnishing his bacon for part of the year. Many of them keep a cow, though common stock; and almost all raise fowls. The chickens and eggs go far toward buying tobacco, coffee, and sugar. Our markets are chiefly supplied by the negro farmers.

So much for what the negro tenant has, or in almost every case can have, if he wishes.

Now, consider the expenses of the city tenement-dweller, that our negro farmer saves. Rent—he pays none; his cabin is furnished him. Fuel—he buys none, but hauls it in lavish abundance from the woods around him. Add these savings to his income to make the true comparison. And, in minor points, his water is generally from a clear spring, while he has space, air, privacy, unknown in the city.

It is true his cabin is often made of logs, and many have no window. But these log "huts" or cabins can be dry, warm, and comfortable. It is the fault of his own laziness if it be not so, for materials are abundant around him, and the work requires no skill. Even though the door must stand open for light in the day—and this is by no means universal —this is thought no hardship in the South. You will often find in his landlord's framed dwelling the door wide open, but the fires bright. Our people like that, and consumption is almost unknown. At night the humble cabin shines bright from his blazing pine knots.

It is rare that the furnishings are as meager as described by your correspondent. Plain furniture is now so cheap that few negroes' wives will be content without some store-bought piece, and even their rude carpentry is generally sufficient for making a plain bedstead. Cotton is so abundant all around them that cotton mattresses are easily within their means.

My knowledge of life in city tenement-houses comes only through the abundant literature of the day on that subject: but the negro farm tenant I have known for sixty years, and my conviction is strong that he is greatly the more comfortable, the healthier, and the happier of the two.

I will even take a higher type—the agricultural laborer—and venture the assertion that, in adaptation to and enjoyment of his environment, the negro farm tenant at the South will compare favorably with most; and this opinion is the result of personal observation both in this country and abroad. I have never forgotten the reply of a Vermont farmer to my query, "How can you make a living on this thin, stony land?" "Why," said he, "we sell everything that we can; what we can't sell we feed to the pig; and what the pig won't eat we eat ourselves!"—a grim joke, but underlying it we see a glimpse of the economy and industry necessary for a bare living to the Northern farmer. Similar methods at the South would soon elevate the tenant into the owner. Possibilities here are greatly in his favor, and many are the instances of negroes beginning as renters who now own farms running from two to five mules.

I might also take up the brighter side of life and speak of the negro tenant's recreations—his Saturdays spent in hunting with dog and gun; the coon and possum hunts at night; his religious carnivals under the guise of revivals and camp-meetings—but I forbear. The subject may not interest others as it does me. For threescore years I have lived among these simple people, and I love them. It would be a real grief to think your pictures of city tenement life could be fairly paralleled among them. How could I remain silent when they are proclaimed as even poorer?

W. F. A.

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The East Side House

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The East Side House (foot of Seventy-sixth Street, East River, New York) is taking its place among the societies which are aiding our citizens to provide work for those who need it and cannot get it in the usual channels. Our residents have become acquainted with many whose savings have supported them thus far, but who, to use the words of one of them to Mr. Holcombe, "cannot hold out much longer." We are in conference with the Committee already appointed, of which President Low is Chairman, and hope to be able to render them important service.

We opened our free Circulating Library on the 15th of January. It begins with 4,000 volumes. It is greatly needed. There is not in all that part of the city, east of Central Park, a single pubiic library, of which we have any knowledge. Yet there is a population of 250,000 souls. In the new library building we can provide for seventy-five children in the kindergarten, and have already applications from that number. We have in this building an assembly-room where we propose to provide lectures and concerts.

Our experience has convinced us that this enterprise, undertaken three years ago, is an element of real value in its neighborhood, and is training the young to become better men and more useful citizens.

We do not ask money for the expenses of the Men's Club. That is self-supporting. We do not ask money for the board of the residents. That they pay themselves. We do ask money to support a settlement that is the

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home of a successful workingmen's club, that provides a free circulating library, playground, and kindergarten; in a word, to maintain the plant that makes the club, library, kindergarten, and playground possible.

The new building, the books, and improvements that have been made to the old building during the year have cost over $15,000. This has been given by those from whom we might otherwise ask aid for current expenses.

Checks should be sent to John Sabine Smith, Treasurer, 58 William Street, New York City.

EVERETT P. WHEELER,
President.

—

Not So Rare

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Spectator, in The Outlook, has discovered a polite, cheery street-car conductor, and seems inclined to regard him as a *rara avis*—a fact that, I am sorry to say, makes me feel that he (the Spectator) is not the acute observer of human nature I have been accustomed to credit him with being. I know I am a good deal of an optimist on many points, but on this I can speak from practical experience—that the world is full, full to overflowing, with good-hearted, kindly-hearted people, whose every-day life betokens that truest and best test of politeness, courtesy to utter strangers. It matters nothing here why or how that I, for years, when by any chance I found myself separated from my friends or acquaintances, dependent (God and myself alone know how entirely) upon the courtesy and kindness of others, never (it is using a very strong term, I am aware, yet I repeat it, *never*) found myself where this innate characteristic of the true-born American did *not* manifest itself. The real secret of finding the so-called "politeness" brought into light and life and applied to ourselves lies within ourselves. The often-told story of General Washington, when at the height of his glory, taking off his hat to a negro slave, and, when remonstrated with for the act, replying, "Do you think I would allow myself to be outdone in politeness by a negro?" has in it the very kernel of the whole matter. Real politeness never meets with anything but politeness in response. It is the boorish, not the gentle, who receive gruff, surly answers as they travel life's highway. The fustian coat and toil-stained garments quite as often cover the true gentle blood as broadcloth does—not infrequently, in these days, I might say, oftener. Neither broadcloth nor silk garments can make gentlemen or ladies. (I dislike both these last words; I prefer to say men and women.)

You wish to be treated courteously: you have only to be uniformly courteous to others. Familiarity is as wholly unnecessary as any other useless thing to possess yourself of the subtle power courtesy gives you.

At best, we are only animals of a higher species. Kick or strike your dog at every turn, he may cringe and obey you, but he will never moan out his life on your grave as many dogs have done for their dead masters. If, by some inscrutable providence, you wear "soft raiment," do not imagine that it for a moment relieves you of your duty, or will secure you true politeness from your fellow-men.

It all comes back to my first assertion: The world is full of good, kind hearts, but to get the full benefit of them you must first infuse your own heart with the same spirit.

G.

—

Civil Service Reform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"J. J. D.'s" plan, published in The Outlook January 27, 1894, "to give the spoils system its death-blow," is to make elective all the offices except the President's Cabinet, foreign ministers, etc. I am curious to know what offices are embraced in the "etc." Does he mean the heads of bureaus under the Cabinet officers, the chief clerks, chiefs of division, the clerks in the classified service, and all the subordinates in the executive departments, State and National? Would he include also the officers, clerks, messengers, and pages of the National nnd State Capitols? Would he make the secretaries and attachés of foreign ministers also elective? And why not allow the people to have something to say about who shall represent them abroad as well as at home?

I agree with him that the elective principle is the true theory of a popular government, so far as it can possibly be made practicable. But the exception made by "J. J. D." concedes that a line must be drawn somewhere. The difficult problem, it seems to me, would be where the line should be drawn. I am more than merely curious in this matter. In the interest of a *genuine* Civil Service Reform, and radically—yes, vindictively—opposed to the spoils system as the curse of politics, I would be glad to have "J. J. D." give a more definite and extended plan for putting the elective principle into practical execution.

I cannot agree with the unqualified assertion that "life-tenure is un-American." To the extent that it obtains in some countries it is un-American. In a limited sense I think the mass of the American people approve of life-tenure.

Neither do I believe the people interested in reform would prefer the spoils system to a life-tenure of office, though many of them doubtless heartily disapprove of the latter.

I cannot forbear adding that the five reasons given in that "one humble petition," briefly as stated, give a cogent and unanswerable argument in favor of taking the offices from the spoilsmen. *How* this can best be accomplished is a matter of honest difference of opinion.

G. S.

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Who Said It?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent issue of your paper I observed that the saying, "It is but three generations from shirt-sleeves," is stated as having been spoken by Colonel Henry Lee to Mr. Edward Atkinson.

If I remember aright, it will be found in that truly American book, "Triumphant Democracy," by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The book is not at hand, or I would name page and paragraph.

The epigram struck me so forcibly when I read it several years since that I have often recalled it and quoted it, always attributing it to the canny Scotchman.

Is it one of those bright sayings that anybody would like to father, and which has been so numerously adopted that we cannot easily decide its parentage?

I would much like to know.

L. W. H.

Notes and Queries

In The Outlook for January 27, "W. P. W.," in referring to Dr. Abbott's article, "The Meaning of Bethlehem," states that the Resurrection is substantiated by facts outside of the Gospels. Please state what those are. S.

The Lord's Day is the monumental fact which witnesses to the Lord's Resurrection, apart from which it not easy to account for the consecration of Sunday in place of the Jewish Saturday-sabbath. Traces of this appear in the Gospels, but the fact is chiefly outside of them, and it is the only such one of any importance in the argument for the Resurrection.

I have a Sunday-school class of young people, and we are studying the Bible—principally as history, though we endeavor to get all the spiritual knowledge also possible out of it. Naturally, the Higher Criticism comes in for a good deal of discussion. What books would you recommend in connection with this work, explaining and making simple and understandable by ordinary students the results of both the Higher and the Lower Criticism? E. F. S.

See similar queries in this column, January 27 and February 3. Dr. Gladden's book, "Who Wrote the Bible?" you will find specially helpful. As to the "Lower Criticism," you are probably getting it now out of your ordinary commentary.

Be so kind as to give me a list of those scriptures generally used for the purpose of proving the pre-existence of Christ as the second person in the Trinity, and the taking of man's nature in order that by the sacrifice of himself God might be reconciled to us. T. C.

The following is not an exhaustive list, but it includes the chief texts employed: viz., John i., 1, 14—vi., 62—viii., 58—xvii., 5, 24; 2 Cor. viii., 9; Phil. ii., 5.

In reply to many questions with regard to the Report of the Committee of Ten on Education, of which we recently spoke, we may say that it is published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., to which applications for copies should be made. There is no present intention of printing the Report in any other form, or of selling it.

I had in my hands awhile ago a little poem, printed, I think, in one of the Chicago daily papers, and I carelessly destroyed it. Since then the thought and one or two lines of it have been recurring to my mind every now and then. The thought was such a striking one and so vigorously and uniquely expressed that I have wished much I might find the piece again. The first line runs—

"A man said to his angel,"

and it continues with the man's complaint—things are all wrong, life such a battle, his chance of success so small that he feels nothing but hopelessness. The angel replies that it is not for him to make sure of success, but only to struggle faithfully onward even in the greatest seeming defeat. The closing lines, which have been running in my mind ever since, are these:

"Die fighting, fighting, fighting,
Driven against the wall."

Can any one tell me where to find the poem?

C. E. O.

Can any one tell me the author of the following lines:

"How they would stare,
Ye gods! should fickle fortune drop
These mushroom lordlings where she picked them up,
In tinker's, cobbler's, and bookbinder's shop."

A. F.

What is the source of the line—

"Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime"?

I notice that Lowell quotes it in one of his letters.

J. S. B.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Maartens, Maarten. The Greater Glory. $1.50.
Allardyce, Alexander. Earlscourt. $1.
Hickson, Sydney J. The Fauna of the Deep Sea.
Huxley, Thomas H. Science and Hebrew Tradition. Vol. IV. $1.25.
Ayres, Alfred. The Orthoëpist. $1.25.
Taylor, Bayard. A History of Germany. $1.50.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK

Peloubet, F. N., and H. P. Main. Select Songs, No. 2. 40 cts.

W. B. CONKEY CO., CHICAGO

Hanson, J. W., D.D. The World's Congress of Religions.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Beckman, Ernst. Pax and Carlino. $1.
Hepworth, George H. They Met in Heaven. 75 cts.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Spalding, Volney M. Guide to the Study of Common Plants. 85 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Peard, Frances M. The Swing of the Pendulum. 50 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Bumpus, Hermon C. A Literary Course in Invertebrate Zoölogy. $1.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Smith, Gertrude. The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories. $1.25.
Merriam, George S. A Symphony of the Spirit. $1.
Harte, Bret. A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Cook, Albert S. A First Book in Old English. $1.60.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Stone, Rev. James S., D.D. Woods and Dales of Derbyshire. $3.75.

ORANGE JUDD CO., NEW YORK

Taft, L. R. Greenhouse Construction. $1.50.

DR. P. KAHLER & SONS, NEW YORK

Kahler, Charles. How to Treat Your Own Feet.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Lamb, Charles. Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. 2 Vols. $4.
Lockyer, J. Norman. The Dawn of Astronomy. $5.
Carroll, Lewis. Sylvie and Bruno. Concluded. $1.50.
Landor, Walter Savage. The Longer Prose Works. Vol. II. $1.25.
Bryant, Sophie. Short Studies in Character. $2.
Campbell, James D. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. $3.

MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK

Long, Lilly A. Apprentices to Destiny. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Paine, Thomas, The Writings of. Edited by Moncure D. Conway. Vol. I. $2.50.

J. SELWIN TAIT & SONS, NEW YORK

Carpenter, Mrs. W. Boyd. Fragments in Baskets. $1.
Baring-Gould, S. Cheap Jack Zita. $1.25.
Barrett, Frank. The Woman of the Iron Bracelets $1.
Reid, John. A Chronicle of Small Beer. $1.

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About People

—The widow of Jean François Millet, the famous French painter, is dead.

—Charles Lewis Becaus, the tallest soldier in the Belgian army, draws double rations on account of his size.

—Judge Charles Gayarré, the Louisiana historian, celebrated the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birthday recently. He was a member of the United States Senate in 1835.

—Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird), though more than sixty years of age, is off again in search of new materials for another book of travels. She has left Liverpool for Corea.

—Prince Henri d'Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, will leave Paris soon for Asia, where he is to undertake an exploring expedition. He intends to go over Tonquin thoroughly.

—Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, of Boston, is believed to be the last survivor of the Transcendental Club of half a century ago, of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was the most illustrious member.

—Professor Nordenskiöld has arranged with M. Olin, a student of the University of Lund, that the latter shall accompany the expedition which is to leave the United States next spring for the west coast of Ellesmere Land, Greenland.

—Fabulous tales are told of the fortune of Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony in Africa. It is set at somewhere from $60,000,000 to $75,000,000—all made in the diamond-mines of that country. Some one says that Mr. Rhodes has the face of a Cæsar, the ambition of a Loyola, and the wealth of a Crœsus.

—The first woman Mayor in the British Empire is Mrs. Yates, of Onehimga, New Zealand. Her husband, Captain Yates, formerly held the office. The new Mayor will probably be raised to the magisterial bench, when her title will be "her Worship."

—Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, a sister of President Buchanan, who presided over the White House during his term of office, has purchased a valuable property in Washington, where she will make her permanent home. It is known as the old Travis Mansion, and is on the corner of Eighteenth and I Streets.

—Edward Eggleston is quoted as saying that he used to feel compunctions about neglecting to answer requests for autographs when stamps were inclosed, until he told Lowell of his scruples, and Lowell said: "I asked Emerson what he did about autograph letters, and he replied: 'They are my main dependence for postage-stamps.' After that," said Lowell, "I was demoralized."

—A story comes from England that when Archbishop Benson was enthroned at Canterbury birettas were seen in the procession, and some of the men who used them tucked them afterward, in the cathedral, under their arms. A lady was overheard to remark to another that "there were a great many High Churchmen present." "Quite so," replied her friend; "some have even put their tonsures under their arms."

—Mrs. Molesworth, the popular writer of children's stories, is a woman of Scotch and English parentage, born in Holland. She is a grave, gentle, rather delicate-looking woman, with a slight figure and soft brown hair, which she wears parted. She is a believer in methodical work, and makes it a rule to sit down at a certain hour and compel herself to write two pages. If, at the expiration of that time, she finds she is not in the mood for writing, she puts her work aside and renews the attempt later.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes said recently, concerning Hawthorne's well-known diffidence, "it was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

—Another story of the great strength of the Czar of Russia is told. While on a return journey to St. Petersburg a few days ago, the train bearing the Czar and Czarina stopped at a small station to allow the Imperial party to take luncheon. The daughter of the Mayor of the village presented a bouquet of flowers to the Empress, but forgot to dry the stems. The Empress, not wishing to soil her white gloves, hesitated a moment about taking the flowers, and the situation became embarrassing. The Czar, however, saw a heavy pewter plate on the table, picked it up, and twisted it into a holder.

—In connection with the recent incorrect reports of Louis Kossuth's death the following account of the old republican's financial distress is of special interest: Some months ago Kossuth, who is living in Turin, was compelled, through lack of funds, to sell his library. As soon as this was learned in Buda-Pesth a committee of leading citizens was formed for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum of money to buy the collection. In this they speedily succeeded, and the books will be placed in the National Museum of the Hungarian capital. The amount paid is said to be 1,600 gulden (*circa* $650). It is to be hoped that the removal will not be made during the old man's lifetime.

January Obituaries

Jan. 1.—Oscar Craig. Born 1836. President of the New York State Board of Charities.

Jan. 1.—Henry Vizitelly. One of the pioneers of illustrated literature in England.

Jan. 2.—Orlando B. Potter. Born 1823. Well-known New York capitalist. Elected to Congress in 1882.

Jan. 2.—The Rt. Rev. Francis McNierney. Born 1828. Roman Catholic Bishop of Albany.

Jan. 3.—Adolf L. Sanger. Born 1842. President of the New York City Board of Education.

Jan. 3.—Baron Solvyns. Minister from Belgium to Great Britain for the past twenty-one years.

Jan. 3.—Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Born 1804. Sister-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of Horace Mann. Founder of the kindergarten system in this country.

Jan. 4.—Baron Karl von Hasenauer. Born 1833. Architect of Royal Museum in Vienna.

Jan. 5.—Benton J. Hall. Born 1834. United States Congressman from Iowa 1882–4, and Commissioner of Patents 1884–8.

Jan. 7.—Abbé Legrand. Vicar-General of Paris.

Jan. 7.—Robert Allyn. Born 1817. For twenty years President of the Southern Illinois Normal University.

Jan. 7.—Professor Pierre van Beneden. Born 1809. Distinguished Belgian physical scientist.

Jan. 9.—The Rev. Patrick Corrigan. Born 1834. Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J.

Jan. 10.—Ella Weed. Born 1854. Dean of Barnard College, New York. Author of "A Foolish Virgin."

Jan. 10.—Frank Bolles. Secretary of Harvard University. Author of "Land of the Lingering Snow" and "To the North of Bear Creek Water."

Jan. 10.—Edward Spencer Mead. Born 1846. Partner in the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Jan. 11.—Isabella Thackeray. Born 1818. Married to William Makepeace Thackeray at the British Embassy in Paris, 1836. Of their three children only Mrs. Richmond Ritchie survives.

Jan. 12.—César Denis Daly. Born 1811. Distinguished architect and writer on æsthetics. Editor of "La Revue d'Architecture."

Jan. 13.—William Henry Waddington. Born 1826. Member of several Cabinets, 1873–8. Plenipotentiary of France at the Congress of Berlin, 1878. President of the Council, 1879. Ambassador at the Court of St. James, 1883–1893.

Jan. 13.—The Rev. Dr. John M. Buchanan. Born 1819. Prominent Presbyterian clergyman in Milwaukee, later in Brooklyn.

Jan. 13.—Robert Livingston Cutting. Born 1837. Special partner of the banking house of Lee Livingston & Co., New York.

Jan. 14.—The Rev. Dr. William John Butler. Born 1817. Dean of Lincoln.

Jan. 16.—General Nelson Taylor. Born 1821. Served in Mexican and Civil Wars. Member of Congress, 1863–7.

Jan. 18.—George Bartlett Prescott. Born 1829. The two most valuable improvements in the telegraph, the duplex and the quadruplex systems, introduced by him in 1876 and 1878. Proved that the aurora borealis was an electrical display.

Jan. 19.—William Gaston. Born 1820. Governor of Massachusetts, 1874, being the first Democratic Governor for many years.

Jan. 20.—General Émile Mellinet. Born 1798. Served in the Spanish, Russian, and Italian campaigns.

Jan. 20.—Helen Almira Shafer. Born 1839. President of Wellesley College.

Jan. 20.—Herr Ohlendorff. Proprietor of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," the organ of the Chancellerie under both Bismarck and Caprivi.

Jan. 21.—The Rev. John M. Wagner. For many years pastor of the German Evangelical Reformed Society of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jan. 21.—Caldwell H. Colt. Born 1858. Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club.

Jan. 23.—Constance Fenimore Woolson. Born 1848. Author of "Castle Nowhere," "Anne," "East Angels," "Jupiter Lights," etc.

Jan. 23.—The Rev. William Whiting Newell. Incumbent of St. Luke's Chapel, Paris.

Jan. 24.—Dr. Heinrich Jaques. Born 1831. Austrian jurist and economist.

Jan. 24.—Laura Schirmer Mapleson. Born 1863. Well-known opera singer.

Jan. 25.—Sir Gerald Portal. Born 1858. British Government Commissioner to Uganda.

Jan. 25.—Dr. Carroll Cutler. Born 1829. Formerly President of Western Reserve University.

Jan. 25.—Dr. John R. Gulliver. Born 1819. Professor emeritus at Andover Seminary.

Jan. 27.—Rosina Vokes. Born 1853. Well-known English actress.

A Successful Experiment

The problem of religious teaching in the public schools seems to have been satisfactorily solved in Birmingham, England. The Birmingham "Post" contains a long account of it, from which we learn that in every one of the Board (*i. e.*, public) Schools the pupils "weekly receive instruction of a definite Christian character." The movement was begun about five years ago in a small way by a few Dissenters and Evangelical Churchmen. It has now enlisted the co-operation of all parties in the Established Church, and of eight denominations of Nonconformists. The co-operators in this movement proceed on the voluntary principle. They hire the use of the school-rooms for their purpose from the School Board, and invite parents to send their children on Tuesday and Friday mornings from 9 to 9:30. On these mornings the attendance is said to be the largest in the week. The Board teachers take no part in instruction, but attend to assist in keeping order. The character of the exercises, or "services," as they are often called, is left to the judgment of the minister or layman responsible for them. Besides the High Church staff, who work apart from the rest, there are thirty-six of the Church of England clergy engaged, and sixty Nonconformist ministers and laymen, besides several ladies.

The following sketch is given as a specimen: A Baptist minister meets some six hundred children in the assembly-room of the school which he has undertaken to teach. After a hymn, a short extempore prayer is said, the children repeating the sentences after the minister. After another hymn a few verses from the Bible are read, followed by an address not exceeding fifteen minutes. All then repeat the Lord's Prayer. The piano then strikes up a march, and the children file

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off to their class-rooms. Meanwhile similar but simpler exercises have been going on in the infant department, enlivening attention by question and answer. In many of the schools hymns and passages of Scripture are committed to memory. Hymns are provided on specially printed sheets—a fresh selection every few months. The hopeful aspect of this movement is its gradual conquest of general favor. The High Church party, who at first opposed it on principle, have become its supporters. Birmingham is a city of over half a million people, with as many varieties of religious belief as other cities. Nothing is said of the Catholics in the account we have summarized. The great number of Catholics in our large cities would seem to introduce an incompatible element. But we should think that this might be provided for by a simple extension of the Birmingham plan, the success of which would seem to be beyond question.

Here and There

Lowell's Americanism

Discussing Lowell's Letters in "The Editor's Study" of "Harper's Magazine," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says:

"Lowell could not be classified as anything but an American. He felt like an American, and he understood the Americans. He was racy of the New England soil. He liked the West, its distinctive Americanism, and he loved to sympathize with his countrymen in the mere bigness of the country. . . . No one saw more clearly than Lowell the elements of character in the American that made national greatness—he found the Westerner as calm as his prairie—and no one was prouder of what is best in our distinctive Americanism.

"And yet it must be said that Lowell had an ancestral consciousness, and that for the man, as he reveals himself in these letters, the New England background seems a little thin. To be sure, he loved New England, and his strength lay there, as his affections did; nor should he be charged with any feeling of poverty in his intellectual surroundings—he himself says that he never found elsewhere so good society as that of the Saturday Club. But when he came to know England, with its clustering traditions and centuries of accumulated culture, with the stored richness of its life, he seemed to be in an atmosphere native to his genius. He did not need there to explain himself. There was a sympathetic response to the best he could be and say. The first obvious comment on this is that here was an American, wholly a product, in education and inherited traits, of American soil, who appeared of larger proportions as a man against this rich storied background. And he felt at home. Even the climate suited him. Is there in this situation a criticism on Lowell, or on his country? Is it any discredit to a young country that one of its foremost men should seem also of the first rank in a country older and richer in the fruits of an ancient civilization? It is, at any rate, to be admitted that in England Lowell discovered aptitudes for commerce with cosmopolitan life not disclosed in the anxious taxpayer of Cambridge, nor in the professor's chair. And, moving in this freedom and in this perspective, he seems a larger man than he seems in any of his works. Reputation that endures is composed of many elements, character among them standing side by side with genius. With this man the impression he has left upon the world can be referred to no one achievement, neither that of poet nor scholar nor diplomatist. In the light of his latter days, it would seem that the greatest thing he ever did was to be Lowell."

A Good Course of Study

Dean Burgon gives an amusing account of an interview he had in 1846 with the learned divine, Martin Joseph Routh, then aged ninety-one, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford. He had called on the President in order that he might be directed as to the best way of pursuing his theological studies.

"I think, sir," said Dr. Routh, "were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the—the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St.—Mark."

"I looked at him," says Dean Burgon, "anxiously, to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me, but at a very slow rate, the outline of my future course."

"I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel according to—St. Luke, sir. Well, sir, when I had read those three Gospels, sir, were I in your place, sir, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

"For an instant," says Burgon, "I felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point, and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospels! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day.*' "And after the Gospel according to St. John," he proceeded ("*Now* for it, thought I, we are coming to the point at last"), "I would, in the next place, sir—I think—yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostles; a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt was the work of—St. Luke." "No more have I, sir," said Burgon. "But, what is quite evident," continued Dr. Routh, "it must needs be a book of altogether Apostolic antiquity, indeed of the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome 'two whole years in his own hired house.' Now, sir, no one but a contemporary would have ended his narrative in *that* way. We should have had all about St. Paul's martyrdom—all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul's death." "After mentioning the seven Catholic Epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul. He spoke of the Book of Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether imperial or papal."

Pointed Sayings

The proverbs of savage races are generally pointed and pithy. The Basutos say, "The thief catches himself;" the Yorubus, "He who injures another injures himself;" the Wolofs, "Before healing others, heal yourself." In Acra they say, "Nobody is twice a fool;" among the Oji, "The moon does not grow full in a day," "The poor man has no friends." A Pashto proverb says, "A feather does not stick without gum." Others are: "A crab does not bring forth a bird," "A razor cannot shave itself," "Cross the river before you abuse the crocodile," "Truth is spoken only by a strong man or a fool," "Perseverance always triumphs," "The thread follows the needle," "Preparation is better than afterthought."

The Jerusalem of To-day

The present population of Jerusalem, writes Mr. Charles A. Dana, in "McClure's Magazine," is not far from forty thousand, and more than half are Jews. They live in a separate quarter of their own, as do also the various divisions of Christians, as the Armenians, the Greeks, and the Protestants. All these quarters are densely built, with narrow and irregular lanes for streets, but the prevailing prosperity does not seem to reach the abodes of the Hebrews. The indications are all of extreme poverty. A synagogue was pointed out bearing an inscription showing that it was the gift of a Paris Rothschild; but its mean appearance and unattractive surroundings bore no suggestion of critical refinement in the congregation. The articles of food set out for sale in the petty little shops are often squalid and repulsive. We came so often on spoiled salt fish among the stores exposed by the venders that we concluded it must form a regular element of diet in the quarter. There was no visible sign of industry by which the people might earn their living; and no one need be surprised to learn that in various parts of the world the well-to-do and charitable Jews are regularly called upon to contribute to the support of their pauper brethren in Jerusalem.

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A "Novel" Point of View

The following clever parody of nursery rhymes characterizes some English writers of fiction. It appeared lately in a London paper:

"Corelli Mary, quite contrary,
How does your novel grow?
With splashes of gore and spooks galore,
And platitudes all in a row.

"Ouida, Ouida, now indeed-a,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a Princess shady, a lord and a lady,
And Guardsmen all in a row.

"Miss Edna Lyall, now no denial,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a rake reformed, a cold atheist warmed,
And goody girls all in a row.

"Mistress Ward, with critical sword,
How does *your* novel grow?
With souls forlorn, and phrases outworn,
And clergymen all in a row.

"O all ye writers of penny soul-smiters,
How do your novels grow?
With endless chatter of amorous matter,
And wedding-rings all in a row."

Untactful

The pages of amusing literature are stocked with the sayings of honest and untactful people.

A lady who had studied an elementary treatise of astrology one day took it upon her to "cast the horoscope" of a boarding-house acquaintance.

"Let me see," she began, after taking down the day of the "subject's" birth, "you are in Aries. Aries is intellect. Why, no!" she suddenly exclaimed, looking up, as the full force of the definition struck her, "there must be some mistake. You *can't* be in Aries!"

Another innocently frank person was admiring the baby grandson of a famous man.

"Now," said she, encouragingly, to the parents of the child, "this boy will be a genius. It is perfectly safe to expect it, for you know genius always skips one generation."

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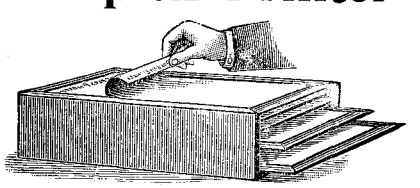

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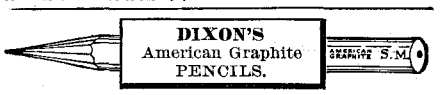

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Financial

The event of the week has been the reception of bids by the Government for the 5 per cent. loan, fifty millions of which are to be disposed of. A feeling of doubt seems to affect the mind of the public as to the right of the Secretary to negotiate these bonds, and the result was that very few bids were received, until there was serious apprehension that the whole negotiation might fail. An explanation to the bankers and bank officers of New York made by the Secretary of the Treasury cleared their minds as to the legality of the issue, and on Wednesday and Thursday bids for nearly fifty million dollars were sent to Washington from New York alone, which, together with all other offers, made the aggregate bids received something less than $60,000,000. While this figure is somewhat disappointing, as there were anticipations of a much larger offering, yet, considering the attempts made to discredit the bonds, the result is regarded as very satisfactory. The prices bid have not yet been made public, but it is known that some offers had been received as high as 120; the upset price, 117.223, however, is the figure named for most of the New York subscriptions.

It was believed that, with the loan taken and the tariff bill disposed of in the Lower House, an improvement would take place in the security markets; but with the announcement, on Thursday morning, that both of these results had been accomplished, there yet seemed to be a general ignoring of these facts, and the sluggish character of the Stock Exchange dealings continued, perhaps with even a more pronounced dullness than before. This is accounted for by the narrow limits in which stock speculations are now confined, and the comparatively few who are dealing in securities.

The markets seem to be in a deep rut, and no amount of energy on the part of either bulls or bears appears to affect quotations beyond the narrow range of one to two per cent. The buying power, what little there is, seems to have preferred the bond market, where the demand for strict investments is steady and in quite large volume. There are many kinds of cheap bonds, too, which are attracting attention, both income bonds and securities of roads now in the hands of receivers, like Atchison, Reading, Union Pacific, Erie, and others.

The business failures for the week throughout the United States and Canada, as reported by Dun & Co., are 418, against 301 during the corresponding week of 1893.

The Bank of England reduced its discount rate to 2½ per cent. on Thursday. There is a strong market for sterling exchange, due rather to limited offering of bills than to any particular demand.

The tonnage of anthracite coal mined and shipped to market this year is 43,089,536, against 41,893,320 last year, and 40,414,898 for 1891. In 1890 only 35,855,174 tons were marketed. The carrying trade for coal, it will be seen, has been remarkably good, and the Delaware & Hudson Company shows nearly 11 per cent. earned on its stock.

The disbursements on the 1st and during the month of February for dividends and interest will amount to about $28,000,000, which is less than in former years on account of the number of corporations now in the hands of receivers which have suspended these payments.

The earnings for the third week in January, as reported by the railways, are generally an improvement on the preceding week. The fourth week's earnings are not in, but they will show better, apparently, on account of there being only one Sunday in the week, as compared with two in the corresponding week of 1893.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$758,900
Specie, increase	2,663,100
Legal tenders, increase	945,400
Deposits, increase	4,114,000
Reserve, increase	2,580,000

This leaves the banks with a surplus reserve of $111,023,000.

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Life Insurance Company
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January 1, 1894

Premium Receipts in 1893,	$4,809,733.15
Interest Receipts in 1893,	2,000,340.94
Total receipts during the year,	6,810,074.09
Disbursements to Policyholders, and for expenses, taxes, &c.,	5,175,778.52
Assets, January 1, 1894,	40,267,952.90
Total Liabilities,	33,941,030.81
Surplus by Conn. and Mass. standard,	6,326,922.09
Policies in force January 1, 1894, 82,745, insuring	135,450,722.94
Policies issued in 1893, 11,748, insuring	23,381,374.00
Accident Policies issued in 1893, 7,236, insuring	26,033,450.00

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STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR 1893

Insurance in force	$105,381,605.00
Policies written during the year	6,744
Insurance written during the year	$16,656,605.00
Emergency or Surplus Fund,	$1,027,796.08
Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year	$236,362.59
Dividends paid to Policyholders during the year	$174,533.72
Total Membership	35,064
Amount paid in Losses	$1,511,868.72
Total amount paid in losses since organization	$8,464,272.57

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A Use for the Autograph Fiend

Mr. H. C. Bunner writes the following letter to the "Book-Buyer:"

Dear Sir:

Will you allow me to use your columns to give publicity to the fact that Miss Ellen Terry has discovered a way to make the autograph fiend useful? Hitherto various attempts have been made to suppress him, to mitigate him, to annihilate him. But Miss Terry has found out a way to turn him into a useful and productive member of society. Everybody knows Miss Terry as an artist, but not everybody knows her as a friend of sick babies. Yet that is only another form of her benign activity. Of course, Miss Terry is a shining mark for the autograph-collector; and one day when her heap of importunate letters was unusually high, she conceived the brilliant scheme of levying on the people who made free with her time and patience, for the benefit of her favorite hospital. They could have her autograph, she told them, but they on their part must contribute a little something toward the fund she was collecting to endow a free bed. That is the Ellen Terry plan. Drop half-a-crown in the slot of the hospital-box, and get an autograph. That, I think, is the inspiration of genius, and I hope "The Book-Buyer" will recommend the adoption of the scheme among the busy men of letters who are expected to write original sentiment for anybody who owns an empty album, and happens to prefer autographs to autumn leaves.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Thousandwords, the novelist—or Mr. Fourteenline, the poet—should send back to each applicant for his signature (inclosed in the stamped and directed envelope which alone should keep the autograph hunter's letter out of the waste-basket) a neatly printed card stating politely that the autograph is to be had only by those who want it badly enough to send him fifty cents or a dollar, by check or postal note, drawn to the order of the St. Mercy Hospital or the Boys' Free Library or the State Charities Aid Association—or whatever may be his own particular engine of good.

Would he not at once help to make a man of the autograph-hunter, and give occasion to the managers of his pet charity to rise up and call her blessed who invented the Ellen Terry plan?

Besides, revenge is sweet.

Yours (for cash),
H. C. BUNNER.

The Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company have erected a building adjoining their studios at 333 Fourth Avenue, New York, for the exhibition of their chapel which attracted such wide attention at the late World's Fair, Jackson Park, Chicago, Ill. It is their purpose to open it with a private view on or about February 8. Cards will be mailed from their regular list, and will be sent on application to those who are interested in Christian Art in its latest developments.

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Bits of Fun

From the way some men offer prayers it is difficult to tell whether they are ministers or auctioneers.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Every man who doesn't know anything about farming longs to move on to a farm and get rich while taking life easy.—*Atchison Globe.*

Snaggs (to impertinent stranger)—I once knew a man who got rich by minding his own business. Stranger (unabashed)—He couldn't have been a lawyer.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

John Digg (to classmate)—Well, Jack, college days are over. What are you going to do for a living? Jack Fastsett—Been engaged by Rich & Co. "What for?" "Son-in-law."—*Tid-Bits.*

Bigbeard (bursting into Henry Peck's office)—Give me $10,000 at once or I explode this dynamite! Henry Peck—Great heavens, man! how you startled me! I thought you were Mrs. Peck.—*Puck.*

Kitty—Tom is down South this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator you ever saw. Ada—How are you going to keep him? Kitty—I don't know; but I've put it in Florida water until I hear from Tom. —*Life.*

Newspaper misprints are often amusing. One of the funniest I have lately seen is the reference to "Mr. Hanson, lazy vicar and solo tenor, St. Paul's Cathedral." That printer had obviously never heard of a "lay" vicar.—*London Figaro.*

A very zealous speaker in one of our churches remarked in meeting the other evening that, before he died, he should like to "leave his footprints on the sands of time with his toe pointing heavenward, that people might know which way he was traveling."—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

Distressing Lapse of Memory.—Attorney—Now, doctor, let me begin by asking you if—Medical Expert—Pardon me, sir, but, to save time, will you kindly refresh my memory by telling me what theory it was that I promised to corroborate? I have unfortunately forgotten it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., says, apropos of Boston manners: "I have seen one Boston citizen brush into a tumbled heap the coroneted bags and shawls of a titled Frenchman, who occupied four seats in a crowded railway station, and had left his poorer compatriots, including several ladies, to stand. 'Place aux dames,' was the only French the Bostonian could muster, but he had that solid."—*Boston Gazette.*

As Others See Us

One needs to read the European papers for original views on American affairs, says the Buffalo "Express;" which does not, however, give chapter and verse for the following quotations from foreign papers:

A paper published in Belgium says that the two famous pugilists, James J. Corbett, champion of America, and Charles Mitchell, champion of England, are going to fight a great battle to determine whether the tariff shall remain protective in accordance with American principles or shall become free trade for the benefit of the English merchants.

Another Belgium paper prints a long editorial on the folly of President Cleveland in giving up his position as President of the United States in order to become King of the Sandwich Islands.

A Scotch paper gets it that the American minister in Hawaii during the last Administration tried to make himself King of the islands, and is very profuse in its praise of President Cleveland for preventing so monstrous a scheme.

A small country weekly published in France hears that the United States is trying to persuade Great Britain to annex Hawaii in order to prevent the islanders from deposing their Queen.

An English paper tells how "the Lord Mayor of Gravesend" is on trial for alleged bribery of voters at the last election.

Another English paper thinks that "Chief McKane" is the ruler of a small tribe of semi-civilized Indians, who live by fishing off the coast of Long Island, and it wonders that the people of the United States ever should have granted equal political rights to such barbarians. It sees the beginning of an Indian war in the assaults on officers of the courts who have tried to serve papers on the Gravesend natives.

That Sinking Feeling

A Detroit doctor is laying for a boy about eighteen years old who came into his office one day last week, and, after getting the doctor's advice, disappeared, and has not been seen since, at least by him.

"Doctor," said the boy, "I have a sinking feeling all over a great many times a day."

"Ever at night?" asked the doctor.

"Hardly ever."

"Let me see your tongue."

The boy showed his tongue; the doctor felt his pulse, sounded his chest, worked a stethoscope on him, listened at his heart-beats, and then told him what was the matter with him and what to take for it.

"Maybe my business has got something to do with it, doctor?" suggested the boy, as the physician stepped into the adjoining room to get a phial.

"Hardly that, I think," cheerily sung out the physician from the other room. "What is your business?"

"I run an elevator," responded the lad, and before the doctor could get to him he had disappeared, as above stated.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Cold Year

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three was unusually cold in a physical as well as a financial sense, the net deficit being over fifteen degrees for the year. The mean temperature for each month was: January, 15.3 degrees; February, 21.7; March, 29.7; April, 40.9; May, 50.9; June, 65.2; July, 68.2; August, 67.8; September, 56.1; October, 51.6; November, 37.8; and December, 25.5. The greatest range for one day was at Grafton, N. H., a record of fifty-six degrees. In New England the last trace of winter snow was at Farmington, Me., and at Chelsea, Vt., on May 10, while the first trace of the coming winter was the snowstorm in the Berkshires and the White Mountains on September 29. But the great features of the year were the big blows and cyclones. The one of August 22 was the most violent, upwards of three hundred trees being uprooted in New Haven alone, while on the 29th of that month Brattleboro', Vt., was treated to a genuine cyclone, the wind blowing eighty miles an hour.

A Great Secret

underlies the principle that has brought success in the production and sale of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and this partly accounts for the fact that competitors do not successfully imitate it. Thirty years in the lead.

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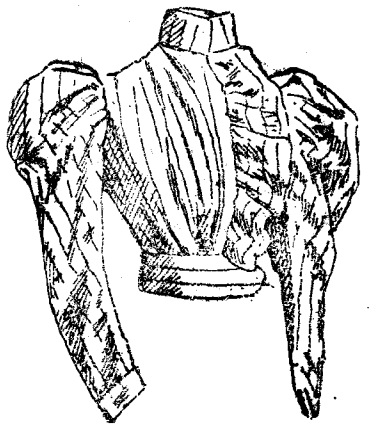

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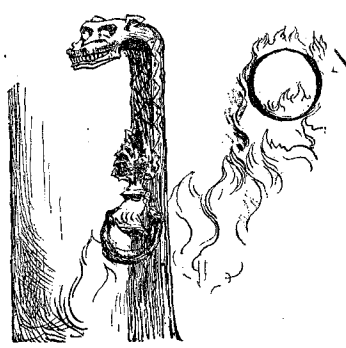

ONE of the features of the modern house is the fireplace with its appurtenances of mantel, grate, and fender.

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Extract of Beef
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Our Beef Extract once appropriately applied to cookery will ever hold its place in the kitchen of the practical, economical housekeeper.
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A Theory of Literature

In answer to the question why so many poor and trifling books are annually issued, an English writer thus makes reply:

The man who is engaged all the morning, and his faculties stimulated, his intellect edged to keenness, by the details of business, cannot, on his return to his fireside, subside into vacuity. He must take something to whittle at. He reads his newspaper as long as he can, and when the newspaper at last gives out he falls back upon a book. The native of a southern climate who has no business, and whose mind is never roused to exertion, has no such craving. The Italian noble does without books. He passes his day in listless indolence, content without ideas. There is no vacuity, and therefore no supply of books to fill it. Here is the key to the character of the literature of our age. Books are in response to the demand. And the demand is a demand for recreation by minds roused to intelligence, but not to intellectual activity. The mind of the English reader is not, as in the southern man, torpid, non-existent; it is alive and restless. But it is not animated by a curiosity to inquire, it is not awake to the charm of ideas, it is only passively recipient of images. An idea as an excitant comes from mind, and calls forth mind. An image is a sedative. The books, then, which are produced have to meet this mental condition of the reader. They have to occupy his attention without making any call upon his vigilance. There must be no reflex mental action. Meditation *is pain. First images must flow as a continu*ous douche of tepid water over the mind of the reader, which must remain pleased but passive.

Books must be so contrived as to produce and sustain this beatific self-forgetfulness. That is called by publishers a successful book which just hits the mental level. The book must be so written that it can be read without any force being put upon the attention. It must not require thought or memory.

"Soup" at the London Criminal Bar

"Soup" is the London technical word for briefs for the prosecution, which are distributed by the clerks of the criminal courts to the barristers whose names are inscribed on the list, the two or three guineas which the law allows for the work being supposed to keep the legal gentleman in food, if not in raiment, between one session and another. Formerly, says the London "Telegraph," the "soups" were scrambled for at random in a way not altogether edifying, but subsequently the Old Bailey barristerial mess took their distribution in hand. The mess charged each member one guinea a year, and this entitled him to a "soup" in regular rotation. Practitioners in the courts, however, rapidly increased, and the mess added half a guinea to the entrance fee. This did not keep the circle select enough, and the fee was raised to five guineas, the mess furthermore ordering that no young barrister should have any "soup" at all until he had attended the court for two years. At the Old Bailey five-pound notes are not over-plentiful, except among the fraudulent bankrupts who, finding their way there, are able to fee Queen's counsel to defend them, and few young barristers are able to live without "soup" for two years. The arrangement has caused much discontent among those who do not know what to do with themselves during the long probation now required.

Mother—Ruth, my love, Bridget is out; go to the window and see who is knocking at the kitchen door. Ruth—Yes, mamma; it's only a progressive luncheon tourist. (Exit tramp.)

For Dyspepsia
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Dr. J. GUY MCCANDLESS, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "I have used it in various forms of dyspepsia, with gratifying results."

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will hear of something to their advantage by writing us. Have you seen the
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By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

One of "the few good things for the baby" described in our little booklet of that title, which will be sent by mail on application.

60 & 62 W. 23d St., New York.

Old Time Methods
of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion
of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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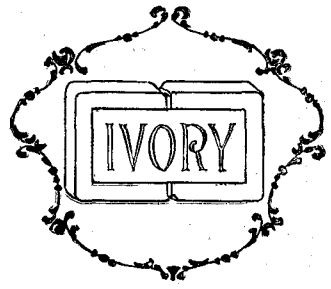

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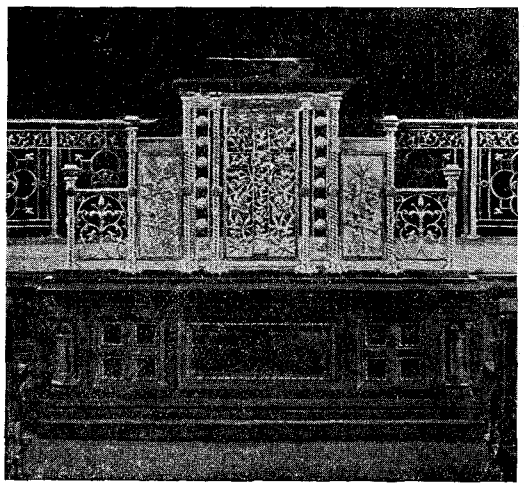
After a fair trial of the other foods, I find MELLIN'S FOOD gives the best satisfaction; I confidently recommend it to all mothers.

(Miss) MARJORY HALL,

Matron of the Creche and Day Nursery Exhibit, World's Fair, Chicago, and of the Virginia Day Nursery, New York City.



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